

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Boston *Herald* makes the following pregnant remarks upon a step which all accounts seem to agree Gen. Harrison is likely to take:

"It was not the fact that President Hayes went into office under the cloud of a contested title that injured him with the country. The American people were intelligent enough to see that, whatever might be thought of the circumstances attending his election, it was the duty of Mr. Hayes to take the Presidency. What really injured him was the fact that certain men were engaged in questionable doings to elect him to that position, and that he conferred offices upon them all. The lesson ought not to be lost now. Mr. John Wanamaker may be a well-intentioned and a pious man, but his claim to office comes solely from the fact that he collected a large amount of money, which was used, as millions of men believe, corruptly, to promote Gen. Harrison's election to the Presidency. For that reason Gen. Harrison should not distinguish Mr. Wanamaker by any Executive favors."

No public man ever despised a caution of this kind with impunity; for, after the days of triumph and excitement, there come the years of reflection, when the sort of memory he will leave behind becomes his chief concern. It has been the fashion in the Republican party ever since 1876 to sneer at the purists and the scrupulous people who examine too curiously the way success is won—a fashion which is always the legacy of a great war, but is in politics the very gate of hell. Poor Mr. Hayes fell a victim to it; President Arthur gloried in it at the Dorsey dinner; it would have given New York to Blaine if O'Brien had not stolen the money; it has this year found this same O'Brien guilty, not of bribery, but of misappropriating the bribery fund; and it is now making even good men clamorous for a handsome reward to the man who supplied Dudley and Quay with most of the sinews of war in the last election. The devil of it is, too—for this is, under the circumstances, the appropriate phrase—that when you object, your attention is directed to his Sunday-schools and his Bible-classes, the very things which, under the circumstances, his fellow-Christians should try to hide.

Col. Dudley, the Treasurer of the Republican National Committee, was in Philadelphia last week, visiting John Wanamaker in a quiet way, and was apparently much annoyed when the reporters found him out. He has gone to Washington, it is said, to settle down to "the practice of the law." The conduct of all these three worthies, Wanamaker, Quay, and Dudley, has something very queer about it. For instance, good men, such as they are said to be, who have been engaged in an almost religious enterprise, such as the election of Gen. Harrison is said to have been, are usually ready, even eager, when they have been intrusted with large sums of money, to render an account to the public. All promoters of religious, philanthropic, and educational en-

terprises are very particular about this; but we do not believe wild horses could extract an accounting from these three gentlemen. They will even sacrifice their reputation as Christian workers sooner than show their books or vouchers. Then take Dudley's case. His dearest earthly possession—his good name—is savagely assailed by bad men in his own State, Indiana, and they are at this moment trying to get him indicted by the Grand Jury. One of them has been printing and circulating a letter purporting to be Mr. Dudley's, recommending bribery on a great scale, and has been offering Mr. Dudley for many weeks \$1,000 to come home to Indiana, and swear that the letter was not his. All really good men we have ever known would, under such circumstances, be on the ground, looking after their character, and meeting their enemies in the gate, and putting them to rout. But Col. Dudley is not on the ground; in fact, he has not gone near his "home" since the election, and has left his good name wholly in "the hands of his friends." He goes about a good deal, but Indiana has apparently no attractions for him. And yet he is the close friend of John Wanamaker, and John Wanamaker has a Sunday-school, and is, after Col. Elliott F. Shepard, probably the most religious Republican in the world.

The dinner of the Massachusetts Tariff Reform League was a grand reunion of the character, talent, and public spirit of the Bay State, graced by the presence or the well-expressed sympathy of the highest dignitaries of the nation, including the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The letter of President Cleveland was a high-toned and high-principled communication, showing that the sting of defeat was no longer in his mind. It was received, as it deserved to be, with an enthusiasm that is seldom called out from an assemblage embracing such men as President Eliot, Prof. Peabody, W. L. Putnam, Edward Atkinson, T. W. Higginson, W. E. Russell, and the other leaders of New England thought who were present. The gathering, the speeches and letters, and the spirit displayed, are a sure augury that the battle for the right of every man to the fruits of his own labor is going on with all the more earnestness by reason of the temporary reverse met in the recent election.

Senator Morrill of Vermont contributes to the *Forum* an article asking the question: "Is Union with Canada Desirable?" His answer is that commercial union would not be desirable, because it would mean free trade in fish, lumber, garden-vegetables, salt, and several other things, to the great detriment of our fishermen, lumbermen, gardeners, salt-boilers, etc.; but that political union on the whole would be desirable, because it would open a great field for our enterprise in developing the fine natural resources

of the countries north of us. "Their very extensive wheat-fields," he says, "as a supplement to our own, would prove a welcome guarantee against any possible future deficiencies of American crops. Their bituminous coal would be convenient to our Eastern States, and there might be an equal demand for our abundant anthracite in their wintry climate. Certainly the cost would be considerably cheapened. Their wild lands would be a timely and almost boundless reinforcement of our forest and timberlands." And then what would become of our fishermen? Well, according to the Senator, they would disappear from the face of things, but the Canadian fisheries and fishermen would be ours, so that we should be none the worse off; "the difference would be chiefly noted among our future throngs of sailors by their slightly provincial accent." The owners of the Gloucester fleet are well acquainted with this accent, fortunately, and would be able to man their boats with Canadians as well after political union as before.

The argument of the Senator does not strike us as a very sound one on either protectionist or free-trade grounds. If commercial union would be disastrous to our fishing, lumbering, gardening, and salt industries, political union would be equally so; and it may be seriously asked whether it is right to sacrifice these established industries for a perhaps visionary scheme of development to be promoted by American capital and enterprise. What kind of enterprise? Naturally we might look forward to some development of manufacturing enterprise in that quarter. Not so; for the Senator tells us gravely, in his argument against commercial union, that "we may as well dismiss all golden dreams about a market in Canada for manufactures, as we already know that, since they adopted a protective tariff, the manufactures established in Canada have already produced a glut in their own contracted market." We were somewhat amazed at this statement from so eminent an authority in the world of commerce and finance, and were led by curiosity to examine the imports of Canada as reported in the volume of 'Commercial Relations for 1885-6,' published by our State Department. In the list of American manufactures imported by Canada in 1886, under thirty-three headings are found upwards of \$15,000,000 of our manufactures. There are 126 headings of American manufactures in the list where the amounts imported were less than \$100,000 each. The total imports of Canada in 1886 were \$100,000,000, of which we supplied \$44,000,000, Great Britain \$40,000,000, and the rest of the world \$16,000,000.

The London *Statist* of December 15 makes the important announcement that the scientific examinations of the tin-ore deposits of the Harney Peak district, Dakota Territory, and the metallurgical tests of the same made at the works of Thos. Bolitho & Sons in

Cornwall, have demonstrated the existence of tin in the aforesaid district in paying quantity and quality. The rock tested at the Bolitho works yielded 62.67 pounds of pure metal per ton. Other assays yielded about the same results. A commission was sent out from London last August to examine the deposits. One of them, Mr. Seeton Karr, M. P., says: "I am confident that millions of tons of the same ore can be obtained from your various mining claims." Another, Prof. Vincent, says that these claims show "superficially" more than a million tons. The deposits extend over an area of about thirty square miles. We were somewhat dismayed upon reading these facts in the *Statist*, lest the existence of tin in paying quantities in this country should lead to putting a duty on the article, which is now on the free list, thus making it more difficult and costly than before for the American people to get tin. If we escape this infliction, this punishment for the offence of having a good tin mine, we shall probably owe our immunity to the fact that the Harney Peak deposits belong to an English company.

We are glad to see a letter from Mr. Jefferson, taking himself out of the list of actors who are trying to get Congressional protection from the wicked foreigners who come over here, act better than we do, and get the American playgoers' money away from us. He says he thinks the move "unwise," which is speaking very mildly. It is a move in every way discreditable to American actors. A man pursuing an intellectual calling, who whines and calls for the police because another man's work—no matter what his nationality—is more enjoyed by the public than his is, is, to speak plainly, an object both of ridicule and contempt. A "move" for the protection of the public from bad actors would be far better worthy of Congressional attention than a "move" to protect bad actors from foreign competition. We do not know how this could be arranged, but the subject is worth the study of jurists. A great deal too much good American money now goes into the pockets of that most worthless class of the community, men who take to the stage for a living without any qualification for the actor's profession beyond ability to learn "lines" by heart. If there is to be legislation about the stage, the act ought to contain a stirring section about this description of drones. Their audacity in asking for a monopoly of their wretched trade deserves a rebuke.

There are rumors—we trust, for the sake of the national good name, unfounded—that a publisher proposes to rob Mr. Bryce in broad daylight by printing a pirated edition of his *American Commonwealth*. There would be no moral difference between doing this and knocking Mr. Bryce down on Broadway and taking his watch and money. Whatever may be said in defence of robbing an author for the purpose of procuring for yourself cheap mental improvement, there is not a word to be said in defence of robbing an author for the purpose of selling his property

for your pecuniary gain. If Mr. Bryce should be the victim of an operation of this sort, owing to his having spent years of hard labor in producing a noble book on American institutions and manners—a book which does honor to the American people no less than to the author—it would be a truly horrible illustration of the need of an international copyright law. It would be barbarous and ungrateful as well as dishonest to cheat Mr. Bryce. We must, therefore, trust that our leading pirates will respect his property, even if they care nothing for his interests. If they pillage him, he will have to revise numerous passages in his second edition.

One of the earliest and most pressing subjects to engage the attention of the Legislature will be the condition of the prisoners in the penitentiaries and reformatories of this State. We have now, or shall soon have, to face an annual deficit of more than a million dollars. The State prison expenses for the year 1887 were \$1,628,523, and the earnings \$1,111,823. Hereafter it will be all outlay and no income. But that is not the worst of it. Under the system of enforced idleness, the character of the prisoners is becoming worse. Since the tonic of labor has been taken away from them, they have been suffering a degradation from their own low moral standard. They are now maintained at a double expense to society. They are a pecuniary expense, as already shown, and they are a still greater expense from the deterioration of character of which idleness is the proverbial parent. The philanthropist may rightly add that it is an act of cruelty to the prisoner to deprive him of occupation of body and mind, while shut up in the walls of a dungeon. Every argument which can be advanced to the head or the heart pleads for the productive employment of prisoners while serving out their terms of confinement.

Although New York is a rich State, a fresh tax of a million dollars all at once must set a good many people thinking. This is what we shall now have to face. It is the penalty, the fit penalty, for allowing a handful of walking-delegates to override the dictates of common sense and the experience of all nations and all ages. In the illogical report of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Labor Commissioner of the United States, on this question, in which he shifted his own ground, and took the extreme position of the walking-delegates, it appeared from the statistics that the whole amount of prison labor was only 52-100 of 1 per cent. of the mechanical labor of the country. The amount of competition between prison labor and other labor is therefore imperceptible, except to the senses of a walking-delegate. If reason were to be allowed to enter into the discussion at all, it would be easy to show that the greater the competition the stronger the argument for keeping the prisoners at work; for if prison labor were 50 per cent. of all the labor in the country, instead of being one-half of 1 per cent., it would be impossible for honest labor to support the burden. If one-half of all the people were in jails and penitenti-

aries, the other half could not support the prisoners and themselves also. It would become necessary to resort to the most efficient and productive forms of prison labor. The highest statesmanship would be that which should get the most work out of the convicts. Our present system is, therefore, confessedly a system of taxing the many for the supposed benefit of the few. The fewer there are in the latter category, the more reason for taxing the former, because the moment that prison labor should become really important, that moment we should all agree that it ought to be made as productive as possible.

Under the heading, "A Big Bonus for a Big Fraud," the *Cleveland Leader* vigorously assails a bill in the House of Representatives appropriating \$10,000 for the completion and publication of Consul Schoenhof's report on Technical Education in Europe. This the *Leader* understands to be a bill to pay Mr. Schoenhof "\$10,000, in addition to his salary, for running about and collecting free-trade statistics for the use of Democratic committees in the late campaign." The truth is simply that a work entirely disconnected from politics, and of exceeding value to our own industries, and most of all to our manufacturing industries, undertaken by Mr. Schoenhof by direction of the State Department, is only half finished. The first volume, relating to technical schools in France, has been published, and has been received with marked approval by educators in this country. The other portion, embracing the schools of Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, is in an unfinished state, and the question is whether a work of so much importance, upon which a good deal of labor has been expended, shall be abandoned for no better reason than that the person employed to prepare it differs in politics from the majority of the Senate; for it is to the Senate that the *Leader* makes its appeal to refuse the appropriation. The only question fit to be considered is whether this work on technical schools is a good one, and whether it is worth the money. There is no such work accessible to American students at the present time. The older one prepared by a Royal Commission in England several years ago was never accessible here, and if it were, it would be of little use now, being out of date.

The annual report of the Superintendent of Education in South Carolina is most encouraging for the future of the State. Perhaps nowhere else in the South was there originally more prejudice against the public-school system; but the Superintendent now declares himself "sure that a very large majority of our citizens are in perfect sympathy with the efforts of the State to train every child," and that "an intelligent interest grows everywhere." During the past year there has been an increase of 162 in the number of schools, and of 18,417 in the number of pupils enrolled, while the towns are vying with each other in the character of the school buildings which they are erecting. This spirit is not confined to the

larger places, but smaller towns and country districts the State over are rapidly putting their money into modern school-houses. All that is now needed to perfect the school system is a larger fund, and this can be secured by the enactment of a law which will allow school districts to supplement the general tax by a local levy, after the custom in Northern States.

The most hopeful feature about these reports of Southern school superintendents is the spirit of independence which they breathe, the glow of pride in the system of public education which the people are building up by their own efforts. "Best of all," said Superintendent Russell of Florida, in concluding one of his reports, "the people of Florida are doing it all themselves, without any aid from any outside source." This is the spirit which the people of the South most needed to have developed when they were suffering from the poverty imposed by the war, but which mistaken charity would have suppressed. "We do not need book-learning so much as training in independence and self-reliance," said the *Southern Christian Advocate*, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, published at Charleston, in opposing the passage of the Blair bill two years ago. "We can get on," it added, "for many years to come with a modicum of schooling, if only our people advance surely in economy, thrift, and in the intelligent appreciation of the real benefits of common-school education. But this advancement depends on self-help and self-denial."

Prohibition has experienced a set-back in Georgia. On the 30th of September, 1887, the sale of whiskey was authorized in only thirty-eight of the 138 counties in the State, while on the 30th of September, 1888, the number of "wet" counties had increased to sixty-one, and since that date three more have been added to the list. The *Macon Telegraph* does not believe that these figures indicate a decline in the temperance sentiment in Georgia, but attributes the change for the worse largely to the rashness and bad judgment of the prohibition leaders in forcing the issue into politics by attempting to organize a third party. Northern Prohibitionists have been quite hopeful that their party would secure a foothold in the South, but the present indications are decidedly against it.

The correspondence between Mayor Hewitt and Mr. Vanderbilt as President of the Harlem Railroad Company, touching the rails on the Fourth Avenue Line, is a very pleasing and unusual incident in municipal politics. Mr. Hewitt some time ago told a melancholy tale of his having been employed years ago, as an iron-master, to furnish rails for street railroads of such shape as to prevent their being used by ordinary vehicles, or, in other words, as to cause the general public the greatest possible amount of inconvenience and the company the least pos-

sible amount of wear and tear. In asking Mr. Vanderbilt to redress this original wrong, and lay down new and more convenient rails, as a return for permission to use electric motors on his street-cars, Mr. Hewitt, therefore, spoke with what Gen. Boulanger would call *pleine connaissance de cause*. Mr. Vanderbilt, on his part, in admitting the reasonableness of his request, and promising to accede to it, spoke in accents which few will recognize as those of a corporation, and which the Jacob Sharp school of moralists would undoubtedly attribute to a Molly-Coddle or Miss Nancy. It is pleasant to have such strange and unfamiliar voices herald the coming of the new year. The coming in of electricity as a motor in the streets is probably the best news "our colleague the Horse" has heard since the close of the war. It will deliver vast numbers of his fellows from lives of shame and sorrow, and turn them over to nobler cares and responsibilities.

The "woman question" is making at last a stir in France, all the greater for the length of time it has been staved off. It is only within two or three years that there has been a decided rising against conventual education—a custom so long established that "leaving the convent" has become in French a synonym for finishing a girl's education. At this moment the public is occupied with the attempts of women to enter the learned professions. The Parisians were startled a few weeks ago by the application of a girl in Brussels, who had taken her degree in law, for admission to the bar, which the court denied. More recently, in Paris, a very pretty and very clever Mlle. Schultze read a thesis, when graduating at the Medical School, on the practice of medicine by women. She had been a very brilliant student, and her thesis was very able, and was listened to with great interest by a crowded audience. Dr. Charcot, famed for his experiments in hypnotism, answered her, denying most of her conclusions, but complimenting her highly, in thoroughly French fashion, on her beauty. The public is, however, apparently on her side. Dr. Charcot complained that women doctors did not want to serve in the lower grades of the profession, that they would not doctor quietly in country villages, but insisted on competing with the men in the great cities, where the profession is already overcrowded; to which the *Temps* replies very aptly, that if the women doctors cling to the cities, men doctors do the same thing, in spite of the overcrowding. Conservatives are still further alarmed by a bill now before the Chambers giving women who are at the head of business houses the right to vote at the election of the judges of the tribunals of commerce who pass on disputed points arising out of business transactions. They do not object seriously to the simple proposal that such women should vote, but they use against it the "entering-wedge" argument, and insist that it will end in women sitting as judges, which all seem to agree would be a scandal; at least this is the conclusion we draw from the answer of the *Temps*, that this is something which would

never happen—though why it would not happen does not appear.

One of the discussions now raging in France is over the question of submitting the revision of the Constitution to the people. All enemies of the Republic are clamoring for this, and the Royalists go still further, and ask for the submission of the form of government also, believing that, in the present temper of the voters, a majority could be obtained for a monarchy. This the Republicans oppose as unprecedented and impracticable. But Paul de Cassagnac, the great Bonapartist prophet, tries to facilitate it by announcing almost in set terms that the Bonapartists as a party have ceased to exist, and that there are now only two parties in the field, Monarchists and Republicans, the former including all who desire a return to monarchical government in any shape. It is not difficult, however, for the Republicans to show that the attempt to establish a hereditary monarchy by plébiscite would be an absurdity, because if it be necessary that one ruler should obtain his authority from a popular vote, it would be necessary that his son should obtain it also, so that there would have to be an election at each demise of the crown. No man under the régime of universal suffrage can claim political power because his father had it. Nor would it be easy for the Comte de Paris to prove his claim to be the only person voted on to fill a vacant throne. In fact, in order to set up monarchy in France again, divine right would have to be brought in somewhere; and French voters have forgotten all about it, and would not know it if they saw it.

Boulanger is pursuing the plan of taking a plébiscite on his claims to the position of reformer-in-chief of the Republic, by offering himself as a candidate for every vacancy which occurs in the Chamber. He has got majorities in this way now in four departments, and has thus made a considerable impression on public opinion. He is now about to apply the most important test of all to his standing, by offering himself as a candidate for a vacancy in the Parisian delegation, and the Republicans are considerably alarmed as to the result. In spite of the great decline of Paris as a political power, since the insurrection of the Commune, the opinion of Paris has still great weight in the provinces, and if Boulanger can show that he has a majority in the city, the effect in the country at large would, it is feared, be very great. As yet no candidate has been found to oppose him. Floquet has been talked of, but the Republicans shrink from setting up their most considerable man, because, of course, the more important the candidate, the more serious would defeat be. It can be readily understood what a powerful argument in favor of district representation—or *scrutin d'arrondissement*—these Boulanger majorities are furnishing. The *scrutin de liste*, or general ticket, enables him to get the vote of an entire department every time he runs for one vacancy in the delegation.

CABINETS IN THE PAST.

THE President's Cabinet as it now exists is a feature of the Government which has been a growth rather than the immediate creation of the Constitution. The Constitution, indeed, does not mention the institution by name, and the only clause which covers the subject is that which declares that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." Washington was inaugurated on the 30th of April, 1789, but it was not until the following September that Congress passed laws instituting executive departments. The Navy Department was not established until the following year, and the Interior Department was unknown until 1849. A bill is now before Congress elevating the Department of Agriculture to the rank of a Cabinet office.

Washington entered upon the Presidency, as he wrote to a friend, with the conviction that he stood "in need of the countenance and aid of every friend of myself, of every friend to the Revolution, and of every lover of good government." Parties had not then been formed, and it was his aim to array in support of the new Government the ablest and best men in the country, without reference to the position which they had occupied in regard to the framing and adoption of the Constitution, or the views which they held as to the workings of popular government. For this reason he called into his Cabinet Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State and Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury—two men who held radically divergent views as to the very theory of our institutions, and who were the predestined leaders of the two great parties which it was inevitable should soon be formed. Their opinions were so irreconcilable that they soon quarrelled with each other, and even attacked each other bitterly in print. Washington repeatedly patched up peace between them; but the situation at last became intolerable, and Jefferson resigned.

With the rise of parties, Presidents realized the political necessity of taking the heads of departments from among those who agreed with them on questions of public policy. For a quarter of a century after 1800 it was their practice to offer the State Department to the man next in prominence to the President in their party, and in turn this man became the successor of his chief in the highest office. Thus, Jefferson appointed Madison; Madison, Monroe; Monroe, John Quincy Adams. This "easy accession," as it used to be called, came to an end with the scandal (now universally held to be baseless) of the "bargain and sale" by which Clay was appointed by John Quincy Adams Secretary of State after he had thrown his influence in the House of Representatives in favor of Adams for President.

The method of selecting candidates for President by nominating conventions naturally led to the President's offering the State Department to one of his chief rivals in the Convention. In 1840 Harrison tendered the

place to Clay, and upon his refusal to Webster; in 1844, Polk to Buchanan; in 1852, Pierce to Marcy; in 1856, Buchanan to Cass; in 1860, Lincoln to Seward. Lincoln went still further in giving places to his rivals in the Convention, making Chase Secretary of the Treasury, Bates Attorney-General, and Simon Cameron Secretary of War—though the appointment of the last-named was much against his will, and only in deference to the insistence of his friends upon his redeeming promises which they had made in his behalf without his knowledge.

Had not the secession movement intervened between his election and inauguration, there is little doubt that Lincoln would have followed the example of Washington in giving representation in his Cabinet to all political opinions. His biographers agree that it was his first intention to appoint some representative Southern Democrat to a place. He authorized the offer of the Treasury Department to Mr. Guthrie of Kentucky, who had been one of the most prominent candidates for President before the Democratic Convention at Charleston; and, upon his declination, commissioned an agent to place a seat at the disposal of Mr. Gilmore of North Carolina, who reluctantly declined it because of the prospect that his State would secede. Events compelled Lincoln to abandon this policy, although he still clung to the principle so far as later to defer for some time the appointment of a successor to Judge Campbell of Alabama upon the Supreme Bench, in the hope that the South might soon return to the Union and enable him to pick out a representative Southern man for the vacancy. No other experiment in this direction has ever been attempted, with the single exception of Mr. Hayes's somewhat ridiculous attempt to revive the "old-line Whigs" and bring them into the Republican party, by giving the Postmaster-Generalship to a Tennessean who had supported Tilden for the Presidency.

Gen. Grant introduced the principle of treating places in the Cabinet as the purely personal perquisites of the President, to be allotted as his private fancy dictated. Nobody familiar with public affairs at the time will ever forget the shock of surprise created by the announcement that Grant had given the Navy Department to Adolph E. Borie, a wealthy gentleman entirely unknown by name outside a limited circle in Philadelphia. The choice, as Borie's successor, of a Camden lawyer whose sole "claim" consisted in the fact that he told stories which amused the President, was perhaps a more startling revelation of the singular conceptions as to public office which Grant carried from the camp to the White House. The impeachment of Belknap, who had won the War Department by pleasing the humor of the President at a banquet, was only the most striking exhibition of the dangers of making a Cabinet in this way.

This year a new principle is advanced in the selection of a Cabinet. Hitherto, with the exception of Grant's eccentricities, it has been the rule to select only men who have been more or less prominent in public life as the representatives of their party. Now it is

proposed to give a department to a man who never attained any such prominence, and whose sole claim is the fact that he raised a great amount of money to secure the election of the successful candidate. What adds to the singularity is the accumulating evidence that Mr. Wanamaker is the only man sure as yet of any position in Mr. Harrison's Cabinet. It would be extremely interesting if we could get the views of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln upon this new departure.

THE TRULY PROTECTED LABORERS.

WHEN, on Monday week, in discussing the duty on car-wheels, Senator Harris expressed a doubt as to whether any one would assert that the present duty of 78 per cent. was necessary as a matter of protection to the labor employed, and Senator McPherson pointedly observed that the Senators on the other side of the chamber had abandoned any attempt to defend the legislation upon the idea of protection to labor, and had instead taken the broad ground that the factory interests must have whatever protection they desired, Senator Edmunds came as near taking fire as his nature would permit. With a vehemence of assertion which might have done excellent service at a campaign gathering, he maintained a series of startling propositions which place him, in spite of his age, in the very forefront of the leaders of the new school of Protectionists, who advocate in time of peace that great blessing which the South enjoyed during the war—the complete embargo of foreign commerce. He began his spirited reply to Senator McPherson by boldly asserting that practically the entire cost of any article is the cost of the labor which has produced it. Assuming the weight of a car-wheel to be 300 pounds, and its value to be \$5.00, he declared that

"That 300 pounds now constituting a car-wheel was probably worth, as raw material in the bosom of the earth untouched, three-tenths of one cent. You may call it three cents if you like, and then you get above its real worth. Everything that touches the cost of that car-wheel in the market, and that makes it worth what it is, is the labor of man, and nothing else. . . . So if a car-wheel is worth so many dollars now, 99 per cent. of those dollars is the labor that somebody has put into it."

This statement was followed by the explicit declaration that the admission of foreign-made goods involved the starvation of the American laborer, since "for every hundred million dollars' worth that come and are consumed, . . . the laborer of the United States is deprived of the opportunity to earn his wages by just that much." Finally the distinguished Senator concluded by asserting that the tariff did not raise the price of goods to the consumer, and that he had voted against reducing the duty on cotton-ties in order "to keep the price as low as possible by making the duty as high as possible"! The fact that foolhardy positions such as these should be assumed with such reckless aggressiveness by the Senator from Vermont would seem to indicate that it may be but a few years before the advocates of an embargo policy will be ready to incorporate in

legislation the crowning absurdity of Henry C. Carey, their chief representative in literature, who in 1871 openly argued that a prolonged war would be the best possible thing that could happen to promote the industrial development of our country.

But to answer Senator Edmunds by a further reduction to absurdity of his positions would obviously be an effort hopelessly misdirected. What needs to be done, and what the Democratic Senators signally failed to do, is to show the utter falsity of his fundamental assertion that price and labor-cost are synonymous. Stated in Senator Edmunds's words, there is probably no one living who believes it; yet this was but an exaggerated expression of the doctrine laid down in the majority report on the Senate Tariff Bill, and the statement there was apparently made in good faith:

"If, in computing the cost of production, we should exclude the sums paid for taxes, insurance, interest, and retained for accruing profits, a large portion of which represents payment for labor and services, and which together would rarely amount to 10 per cent., we should then find the labor cost in all cases to be at least 90 per cent. of the total expenditure."

When stated thus, the position seems plausible. The interest upon capital rarely amounts to 10 per cent.; therefore capital receives less than 10 per cent. of the product, labor more than 90 per cent. The fact that the capital upon which interest is drawn is often ten times the labor bill is completely ignored. A New York farmer is content with 7 per cent. upon the capital invested in his farm; but when he rents it on shares, supplying machinery and stock, he does not on that account demand but 7 per cent. of the product: he demands 50 per cent., or else he makes a bad bargain.

So much for the absurdity of the general proposition. Coming now to the particular example, Senator Edmunds's car-wheel, what is the percentage of labor-cost in each of the two industries in which it receives its value—mining and manufacturing? Fortunately we have in each case official statistics. In the year 1880 the wages paid in the iron mines of the country were \$9,500,000; the value of the materials consumed was \$2,900,000; the value of the product \$20,500,000. In other words, the labor cost was 46 per cent., and the profit remaining to the mine-owners was 40 per cent. The way in which the American laborer has been protected by the duty imposed upon iron ore is beautifully illustrated by comparing the statistics of 1880 with those of 1870. In 1870 the average annual wages paid to the iron-miners were \$455. In 1880 it was \$301. We have no desire to deal unfairly with the mine-owners. We would call attention to the fact that the real reduction in wages was not so great as the apparent reduction. Measured in gold the average wages in 1870 were but \$364. The reduction which had been effected was 20 per cent. Meanwhile, during the same decade, the capitalization of the iron mines had increased 247 per cent. It is quite evident what laborers are protected here.

When we turn to the manufactories of iron and steel, we find that the capital employed

is \$380,000,000, the wages of labor exactly one-sixth as much, or \$55,000,000. If the owners receive then but 7 per cent. upon this investment, their share of the product is 42 per cent. that of the laborers. But the profits of the employers are not to be estimated in this way; we frequently hear them asserting that they are making no profits at all, when they are simply getting competitive rates of interest upon the capital invested. In well-conducted enterprises profits are and should be greater than this. The census report, faulty as it is, affords an indication of this amount. Deducting the wages bill and the cost of materials from the value of the product in the iron and steel industries, a balance of \$52,000,000 is obtained. From this must be deducted the cost of taxes, insurance, bad debts, and loss through wear and tear of machinery. For the cost of the taxes, one per cent. upon the capital invested is a liberal estimate, especially in Pennsylvania, where the capital stock of almost all manufacturing companies is exempt from taxation. One and one-half per cent. is a liberal estimate for insurance; 1 per cent. a liberal estimate for loss upon bad debts; and 4 per cent. equally liberal to compensate for loss through depreciation in the value of machinery. Making these deductions, the profits are reduced to about \$37,000,000, or 70 per cent. of the labor bill.

The justice of this estimate might perhaps be doubted were it not for the light which foreign statistics throw upon the problem. The income-tax returns for the cities in Saxony (Schaeffle's 'Steuerpolitik,' p. 138) show the total of wages and salaries to be 174,000,000 marks; the total of profits in trade and manufacture, 228,000,000 marks. These are the amounts returned for taxation. In estimating the real incomes, the former amount must be slightly increased, the latter amount very greatly. The real profits of the manufacturers and traders are out of all proportion greater than the wages of the employees. In America it is not pretended that the same proportions will hold good. Production is conducted upon a much larger scale here than in Germany. American laborers need vastly less superintendence, and there are vastly more Americans than Germans capable of superintending large enterprises. This reduces the cost of management in America to the minimum except in industries where the uncertainty due to the tariff prevents competition, and leads the managers to devote their attention to politics instead of business.

It is therefore obvious that the cost of the labor which is employed in the making of Senator Edmunds's car-wheel, instead of being practically the whole cost, is an element little greater than the profits of mine-owners and manufacturers. In addition to this, it is obvious to the most superficial observer of business affairs that the wages of labor are practically a fixed quantity, while the profits of capital change from one establishment to another and from one year to another, now less than nothing, and now treble and quadruple the labor bill. This fact was abundantly illustrated by the statistics for nine paper-manufacturers which were pub-

lished editorially in the *Paper World* in March of last year:

Year.	Per cent. of capital's share to selling price.	Per cent. of labor's share to selling price.
1850	7.4	6.67
1860	4.42	12.16
1865	29	7.12
1870	56	15
1880	6.16	16.15

For the entire period the average profits of capital were 20.6 per cent., and the wages of labor 11.4 per cent. The latter element has fluctuated but little. Slowly but steadily wages have risen, the one exception being during the war, when prices were abnormally high. It is the employers and the employers alone who have been benefited when either war or protection has made scarce the goods which they alone have to sell.

THE NEXT PENSION RAID.

To everybody who keeps an outlook on public affairs, the largest object in the range of vision is some kind of a new pension bill. Nearly everybody dreads it. All hope that it will not be very bad, but none venture to expect that the next pension raid will be the last or the next to the last. The common belief is that we shall go on as we have been going, increasing the donative in proportion as the number of soldiers diminishes, until our expenditure for pensions alone exceeds that of the largest military establishment in Europe *plus* its pensions. In 1880, a quarter of a century after the close of the war, our disbursements on this score were \$56,000,000. Last year they were \$80,000,000, and we shall probably never see them as low again in this generation. Patriotism still exists, but it must be paid for at an ever-increasing rate. What the patriotism of the next generation will fetch, in dollars and cents, we can scarcely imagine.

In the January number of the *Forum*, Mr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon has a strong article on the subject, showing how the Arrears Act of 1879 poisoned the morals of the volunteers, who up to that time had been content with the provision made by the pension laws, and proud of their distinction as citizens who had done something more than their duty in the country's crisis. The Arrears Act, as Gen. Hawley stated at the time, did not originate with the soldiers. It had its start in the councils of claim-agents at Washington city. The soldiers were at first surprised, but the claim-agents had not miscalculated the effect of the proposed largess on the minds of the men. We may admit, nay, we must admit, that they were the picked men, the superior men of the community, and therefore the ones least likely to be demoralized by an appeal to the sense of greed. But this was more than human nature could contend against. The demand for arrears went out from Washington, but it came back in time with tenfold strength. It upset all

preëxisting ideas of the nature of a pension, and substituted a totally new idea in its place. It is the duty of a government to protect the soldier who has incurred disabling wounds or permanent illness in its service against the consequences of such disability. Duty goes no further than that. Anything beyond is a gratuity. Such was the conception shared by the soldiers, in common with all other people, until the Arrears Act came in. This act was cunningly phrased so as to invite frauds and prevent the exposure of fraud. "The consequence," as Mr. Bacon says, "was what might have been foreseen."

"The nation had offered a bonus of \$1,000 cash, besides future payments, for every new pension claim that could be proved. The gang of claim agents in Washington were busy urging ex-soldiers everywhere to solicit Government aid, and assuring them of 'our unusual facilities.' What wonder, considering the infirmities of human nature, that the invitation to step up and take a thousand dollars apiece, with an annuity, out of the Treasury, 'on a mere *ex-parte* affidavit,' should be accepted in the same large spirit in which it was offered; that men in comfortable circumstances, who had been ashamed to ask for twelve dollars a month, should find the offer of a thousand dollars in a lump to be quite a different matter; and that men in comfortable health should become conscious all at once of hitherto unsuspected disorders, traceable through subtle lines of causation to a longer or shorter military service? Of course, as everybody (except Senator Blair) might have known, and as everybody now does know, there were frauds innumerable. And the Senator from New Hampshire, whose guileless hands had been employed to pull the lanyard to explode this mine under the Treasury, could only remark, as he saw the rogues running away with the gold, that he had no idea that it was loaded to that extent."

How rapidly men's minds have been changed, how completely the *rationale* of pensions and pension legislation has been overturned by this fatal act, we may learn by going back to the year 1872, and seeing what was then thought by one of the most competent authorities of our time. On the 12th of December in that year General Garfield, as Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, reported the pension appropriation, with a few remarks, showing what he believed would be the future cost to the nation. The bill appropriated \$30,480,000. "It is interesting," he said, "to inquire what the tendency of our pension appropriations is likely to be from year to year. From figures I have just stated, it will be seen that there has been a steady increase for several years. It is thought by the Commissioner of Pensions that we have now reached the top, so far as the amount of expenditure is concerned; but he does not think that that top is a peak from which we will at once descend, but rather a plain upon which we will go for perhaps several years with a substantial regularity of amount, about the same as we are now paying per annum." With these views of the Commissioner Mr. Garfield concurred, and nobody in the House or in the country differed from him. Gen. Grant set his face sternly against the suggestion of an Arrears Bill in his time, and his views were heartily sustained by the soldiers so long as he remained in the Presidential office.

The thirty millions of that period have risen to eighty millions, notwithstanding the

gaps which death has made in the ranks of the pensioners during the past eighteen years. All just conceptions of a pension as a recompense for disability have vanished, and in place of it has come the idea that a pension is a reward for military service. The soldier must not only be placed on as good a footing as he would have had if he had not entered the service, but on a better one. He is content to exchange his proud distinction in the community, as one who has done more for his country than his fellows, for a few dollars taken from the pockets of perhaps poorer men than himself. At least, this is the present attitude of the Grand Army of the Republic. Of course, there are a great many soldiers who do not agree to this. There were 22 negative votes at the Columbus Encampment against 356 in the affirmative; moreover, the Grand Army does not embrace all the soldiers, perhaps not a majority of them. But the political force of the whole is carried by the organization. It points, as Mr. Bacon says, to something "unprecedentedly ruinous and infamous," and leads to the expectation that we shall soon be in the condition of those European countries where "every workman goes to his labor with a soldier strapped upon his back."

GEN. BOULANGER'S REVIVAL.

OUR readers may remember that it was the general opinion, not only in France, but all over Europe, after Gen. Boulanger's absurd appearances in the Chamber in June and July last, and his resulting duel with M. Floquet, that he was ruined as a politician. Some of his most prominent Radical supporters—among others Rochefort—deserted him at that time, and, in fact, the Radicals as a whole fell away from him completely. His own Central Committee was divided, and his most powerful organ, the *Lanterne*, openly repudiated him. His most trusted lieutenant, M. Deroulède, was defeated by an enormous majority in the Charente in June. In July he resigned his own seat, and announced that he would run for every vacancy that occurred in the Chamber, so as to take the judgment of the people in various parts of France on his controversy with the majority. But immediately after this he lost the election in the Ardèche. Then his funds, a large part of which, it was said, came from M. Hériot, the Parisian Wana-maker, gave out, Hériot having become insane in consequence of a quarrel with his wife. In fact, Boulangism seemed utterly dead by the end of last July. Before the end of August, however, Boulanger astonished France by carrying three elections in the Nord, the Somme, and the Charente-Inférieure by enormous majorities. The Boulangist propaganda was then everywhere suddenly revived. The documents and photographs began to circulate once more as in the beginning, and the "brav' Général" became again the coming man, and began to carry election after election.

To what was this extraordinary change in his fortunes due? Not to any gains among the Republicans. It was easily ascertained by

an analysis of the election returns in the departments in which he was victorious that the Republicans had definitively abandoned him. It soon became plain that his revival was caused by a combination of the Conservatives of all shades. The word had been passed among them, it was said with the authority and by the connivance of the Comte de Paris, that they were to back up Boulanger and ask no questions. At the same time funds began to flow into the Boulanger exchequer with all the old profusion. The Republicans were at first greatly puzzled to know where they came from; but Boulanger had no hesitation, some weeks ago, in explaining the whole matter to a newspaper correspondent, who sat with him one morning when his mail came in. As the letters were opened, checks, drafts, and bank-notes fell out in wonderful profusion, and Boulanger allowed him to read them. The letters came from all parts of France, and the enclosures were of various amounts from people who wished the General success in his efforts to get the better of the wicked Radicals. In other words, they were a great expansion of the revenue which used in old times to flow in from pious souls to the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf. In striking corroboration of this, we have heard from private sources recently, that in Legitimist circles in various parts of France the ladies are saving up their money to send to Boulanger, in the hope that he will use it to confound the Republic.

What all this means is, that the Royalists are satisfied that Boulanger can be made to play the part of General Monk. If he can, with the aid of powerful popular support, impose on the Chambers the task of revising the Constitution, they calculate that the stability of the Republic would receive a blow so serious that the new Government, whatever it was, would literally be in Boulanger's hands, who would then become not exactly a dictator—for he has not the command of the army—but a sort of protector, whose voice in the Legislature would be all-powerful, and who could, if he pleased, say to a Chamber filled with his creatures or followers: "Gentlemen, this farce has gone far enough. The Republic has been thoroughly tried, and has failed. Let us recall the family under which France became a nation, and under which she tasted centuries of glory and prosperity."

There are signs that the Republicans are again seriously alarmed, and begin to see that Floquet's willingness to revise the Constitution would be simply a Boulangist triumph. This was fully set out week before last in an impressive speech from M. Challemeil-Lacour, one of the oldest and ablest of the Republicans, in which he warned the Chambers that, after having exiled men of the stamp of the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale, whose family has been associated for ages with all the traditions of French greatness, they were playing into the hands of a military adventurer of the lowest type. Of course, everybody does not share the belief of the Legitimist ladies, that Boulanger has in him the making of a Gen. Monk. Those who know

most about it believe he would turn out a third-rate Louis Napoleon.

MRS. BROWNING.

FLORENCE, October, 1888.

It was one of the first hot days of last May that I visited the old disused Protestant cemetery at Florence. Formerly it sloped upwards against the city wall; but the wall has long since been removed, leaving only enough to sustain the earth; and now, surrounded by a high railing, it is a lovely garden in the middle of the broad *viale*. The climbing roses as well as the situation brought back vividly to me those lovely nooks in the angles of the fortress at Corfu which were appropriated to the graves of British officers and soldiers, and which are still kept green and neat, smiling at you as you pass down the wide boulevard. Here, amid the flowers, one reads many names—some well known—of English, Americans, French, Italians, Swedes and Germans, Russians, Poles and Greeks, for all who are not Catholic were formerly interred here; in no order—husband not lying even by wife, nor child always by mother. I saw the flat stone which covers the grave of Landor; I passed the monument of Arthur Hugh Clough; I read the names of Hiram Powers and Theodore Parker; and finally I came to the tomb of Mrs. Browning. Handfuls of lilies of the valley had been strewn between the low columns that support the sarcophagus, either early that hot morning or late the day before, for they were wilted with the sun. On seeing these evidences of affection to the poetess I wondered to myself whether it were possible nowadays to read her poetry; and, with this in my mind, stopped at a bookshop and bought a volume of selections from her poems. Yes, they could indeed be read, often with pleasure and sometimes with surprise. This little volume of the Tauchnitz series has been edited by Mr. Browning, with a short preface in his own manner, and has been so arranged and ordered as “to allow the characteristics of the general poetry the prominence and effect they seem to possess when considered in the larger (not exclusively in the lesser) works of the poet.” There was hinted and shadowed in this volume—what was made plainer on considering Mrs. Browning’s poetry as a whole in order of time, and on studying her in her letters to Horne, Miss Mitford, and others—that, in spite of occasional brilliant outbursts, her poetic faculty became fully and freely developed only when she had fallen in love with Robert Browning; and that it reached its highest point in her Italian poems, where the love of liberty and of her adopted country excited her ardent soul with better cause than ragged schools, or working children’s wrongs, or women’s rights. If ever there was truth in the old saying, “Facit indignatio versus,” it was in her case.

A Life of Mrs. Browning has just been published by Mr. John H. Ingram in the “Eminent Women Series,” which is practically the first biography of her that has been written. The result shows that her friends were right in not undertaking the task sooner, for Mrs. Browning lived no life that could be written. All that she was, is shown in her poems and in her letters, or in the letters to her; how she appeared, must be quoted from the accounts of those who saw and knew her. The earlier years of Elizabeth Barrett were passed with few companions except her family and her books, of which she was always an omnivorous reader, in the country of the Malvern Hills—

“the ground’s most gentle dimplement,
(As if God’s finger touched but did not press

In making England), such an up and down
Of verdure—nothing too much up or down—
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheat fields climb;
Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures where you scarcely tell
While daisies from white dew-seats intervals
The myrtle oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade.”

Later, when she had become a confirmed invalid and had been saddened by the death of her mother and by the drowning of her favorite brother, she passed years in London in a single room, which was often darkened for days at a time. She had written verses; mostly bad or indifferent, from her earliest childhood, and she kept herself alive in her sick-room by more ambitious poems, by reviews and articles for the *Athenæum*, to which she was long a contributor, and by letters to friends, in particular to Richard Hengist Horne, now known chiefly as the author of ‘Orion’—especially by those who have not read that poem—with whom she engaged in various literary enterprises, including criticisms of contemporary authors. Judging from what Horne says in his publication of her letters, she was the better man of the two. Unknowingly she had at one time worked together with Robert Browning, for whom she expressed her admiration in those lines in “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship”—

“Or from Browning some ‘Pomegranate,’ which, if cut
deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined human-
ity.”

The compliment in course of time brought about a correspondence which led eventually to acquaintance, friendship, and love, until, on one September morning of 1846, Browning and Miss Barrett stepped into St. Mary-le-bone Church, were married, and started immediately for Italy. Like the choleric West Indian planter that he was, Mr. Barrett, who had idolized his invalid daughter, disapproved of the marriage, never forgave her or had intercourse with her, or even mentioned her in his will.

The story of his love for his “moon of poets” has been told briefly but sufficiently by Browning in his “One Word More,” appended to his ‘Men and Women.’ Her tale of dawning and triumphant love was written day by day in the “Sonnets from the Portuguese”—at first for herself alone; for it is said that these sonnets were never shown to Browning till after he married. The title of these unquestionably genuine soul experiences can scarcely have deceived many readers into a belief that they were a translation. More it concerns us not to know. With the exception of one brief visit to England, Mrs. Browning’s life was passed thenceforth in Italy, chiefly in Florence, until the end in 1861. She was absorbed in her husband and her child—“my little son, my Florentine”—except when political and philanthropic movements and excitements caused a gust of passion to sweep through her whole being.

That her earlier poems should have given Miss Barrett as great a reputation as she enjoyed seems now almost inexplicable, except when we remember the dearth of poetry at that time, when people read and admired Bailey’s ‘Festus,’ Taylor’s ‘Philip Van Artevelde,’ and Coventry Patmore; and then, too, she was a woman—a reason which, in her inner soul, she detested.

“You never can be satisfied with praise
Which men give women, when they judge a book
Not as mere work, but as mere woman’s work,
Expressing the comparative respect
Which means the absolute scorn.”

she says in ‘Aurora Leigh’; adding, further on:

“I would rather dance
At fairs on tight-rope, till the babies dropped
Their gingerbread for joy, than shift the types
For tolerable verse, intolerable
To men who act and suffer. Better far
Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means
Than a sublime art frivolously.”

And then she was admired by women, and

placed, as Miss Mitford says, “in the situation of Wordsworth forty years ago—the fondress of a school of enthusiastic worshippers, laughed at by those who do not feel high poetry.”

Of the earlier poems some few will doubtless survive, because, although marked by the faults common to all of imperfect and bad rhymes—which she was woman enough to defend, insisting that she had made them purposely—of halting rhythm and prosaic diction, yet they have a certain go and swing, a rush of words and thought, and a something which gives them the quality of lyrical cries. One cannot help feeling that the authoress really doubted her own powers, and to some extent one must share the doubt:

“My own best poets, am I one with you
That thus I love you—or but one through love?
Does all this smell of thyme about my feet
Conclude my visit to your holy hill
In personal presence, or but testify
The rustling of your vesture through my dreams
With faint odours? When my joy and pain,
My thought and aspiration, like the stops
Of pipe or flute, are absolutely dumb
Unless melodious, do you play on me
My pipers,—and if, sooth, you did not blow,
Would no sound come? Or is the music mine,
As a man’s voice or breath I called his own,
Inbreathed by the Life-breather?”

But it was in the “Sonnets from the Portuguese” that the first living soul was breathed into Mrs. Browning’s poetry. Sonnets, they are not, for they err against all the canons; but they are passionate expressions of love, and a few lines will show their drift.

“I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was ‘ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
‘Guess now who holds thee?’ ‘Death,’ I said. But
there
The silver answer rang, ‘Not Death but Love.’”

“I lived with visions for my company,
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.
But soon their trailing purple was not free
Of this world’s dust, their lutes did silent grow,
And I myself grew faint and blind below
Their vanishing eyes. Then Thou didst come—to be,
Beloved, what they seemed.”

“My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I, who looked for only God, found thee!
I find thee; I am safe and strong and glad.”

“I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of heaven for earth with thee!”

And love, whether timid or ardent, gave Mrs. Browning an insight to her husband’s character which, it may be doubted, his biographers would not express as strongly.

The Brownings had hardly got well settled in Florence before the revolutionary movement broke out, and excited her delicate nature to the highest point. “To her,” says an American friend, “Italy was from the first a living fire.” While the Revolution was going on she wrote the first part of ‘Casa Guidi Windows,’ the second part being written two or three years after, under the impression of the reaction. The poem is finer than anything she had written up to that time, and is full of beautiful passages which were understood and appreciated by all except her own countrymen—at least those of them who had not lived in Italy. The opening, which had somehow stuck in my mind almost since its publication, is an epitome of the whole Italian Revolution:

“I heard last night a little child go singing
‘Neath Casa Guidi windows by the church,
O bella libertà, O bella!’ stringing
The same words still on notes he went in search
So high for, you concluded the upspringing
Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green,
And that the heart of Italy must beat
While such a voice had leave to rise serene
‘Twixt church and palace of a Florence street!”

To her friends in England she wrote: “Ah! if the English press were in earnest in the cause of liberty, there would be something to say for our poor, trampled-down Italy—much to say, I mean. Under my eyes is a

people really oppressed, really groaning its heart out; but these things are spoken of with indifference." And again: "I see daily a people who have the very life crushed out of them, and yet of their oppressions the English press says nothing." And Miss Mitford wrote to a friend: "Fancy her thinking Louis Napoleon ought to take up the cause of these wretched Italians! And I hear from all quarters that they get into corners and slander each other. It is an extinct people, sending up nothing better than smoke and cinders and ashes; a mere name, like the Greeks." "Have you seen Mrs. Browning's new poem? It will hardly be popular, for there is no great faith in Italian patriots."

"It is a matter of great thankfulness," says Mr. Story, "that God permitted Mrs. Browning to witness the second Italian Revolution. No patriot Italian gave greater sympathy to the aspirations of 1859 than Mrs. Browning." In 'Poems before Congress,' Mrs. Browning's poetic talent reached its highest point; but the book had in England the effect which she feared. She said in the preface:

"If the verses should appear to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English state of things, I will not excuse myself on such, nor on the grounds of my attachment to the Italian people and my admiration of their heroic constancy and union. What I have written has simply been because I love truth and justice, *quand même*, more than Plato and Plato's country, more than Dante and Dante's country, more even than Shakspeare and Shakspeare's country. . . . I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England; having courage in the face of his countrymen to assert of some suggested policy, 'This is good for your trade, this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard by, it will hurt a people further off, it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore, away with it—it is not for you or me.' When a British Minister dares to speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within from loud civic mouths, come to her from without, as all worthy praise must, from the alliances she has fostered and the populations she has saved."

But in England her words fell on deaf ears. Official England was not in sympathy with Italian unity, in spite of the personal efforts of Sir James Hudson at Turin. To most English people, she seemed unpatriotic. They could not understand her admiration for Napoleon the Third, at a time when they had suspicions of his designs. In fact, she met with much the same fate as if she had written poems in favor of Eastern Christians or in favor of Russia in the worst Jingo period. To one who now reads dispassionately the history of those times, even the diplomatic history, her poems of that period, her feelings, even her inspired 'Ode to Napoleon III. in Italy,' seem perfectly natural. We admire the Emperor's actions, and we envy him for having at least one moment when he could appear as a disinterested and unselfish hero. So much, however, depends upon the point of view. Insular English cannot get really interested in anything but English affairs; and some of the criticisms on these poems of Mrs. Browning, that they are "full of recedite allusions, comprehensible only to those conversant with Florentine literary and political history," remind one of Lord Dover's preface to Walpole's 'Letters,' which he praises for being "a most exact chronicle of the events of the day," and elucidating "very amusingly both the manners of the time and the character of the persons then alive," while the answers of Sir Horace Mann are "particularly devoid of interest," and "consist almost entirely of trifling details of forgotten Florentine society,

mixed with small portions of Italian political news of the day, which are even less amusing than the former topic."

What Mrs. Browning looked upon as her greatest work was 'Aurora Leigh'—"the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered." But one feels about this much as about some of her earlier works. The whole story is quite as impossible as that of 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' and is disfigured by many faults. In some ways it betrays the influence of her husband. The explanation of this is perhaps best given by her friend Chorley, who says: "Like all whose early nurture has chiefly been from books, she had a child's curiosity regarding the life beyond her books, coexisting with opinions accepted as certainties concerning things of which, even with the intuition of genius, she could know little. She was at once forbearing and dogmatic, willing to accept differences, resolute to admit no argument; without any more practical knowledge of social life than a nun might have when, after long years, she emerged from her cloister and her shroud." E. S.

THE DIARY OF HENRI BEYLE.

PARIS, December 14, 1888.

ANYTHING which bears the name of Stendhal (Henri Beyle) will always attract the notice of a lover of books. There was a time, about twenty years ago, when it seemed as if Stendhal was to be placed among the literary stars of the first magnitude of our day. Taine did much to magnify the glory of this original writer: there is now a slight reaction. Still, the author of the 'Chartreuse de Parme' and of 'Le Rouge et le Noir' has taken his place among the writers of our century who ought not to be forgotten. He has his place in the group to which belong our great Balzac, Mérimée, Flaubert, Alexandre Dumas *fils*. He was a realist before the realists, a dissector, an analyst, and his talent was very personal, very peculiar. He is a better writer than Balzac, in the grammatical sense, but he has not the rich profusion of Balzac; he is a little too dry, like Mérimée, but he puts an intense life into his heroes and heroines. His moral nature is perverse, but his works are not immoral. He considers passion as a force which must execute its work; and its work, whatever it is, seems to him legitimate. He is an adorer of force. Napoleon gave him a vision of genius combined with an utter contempt for all the ordinary rules of common morality.

It is clear that such an ideal could only have been conceived under peculiar circumstances and at a given moment; it is therefore interesting to study the formation of Stendhal's character, and to enter into the details of his existence. The documents are in the library of Grenoble; there are all Beyle's manuscripts, many of them the manuscripts of works already published. In the seventy volumes or bundles kept at Grenoble are found the manuscripts of 'De l'Amour,' a few novels, the 'History of Painting in Italy,' the fragmentary 'Rome, Naples, and Florence in 1817,' the 'Memoirs of a Tourist.' MM. Casimir Strylenski and François de Nior have gone through these seventy bundles, and reconstituted the 'Stendhal Diary.' The *cahiers* of this Diary are bound without any reference to dates; the Diary is in fragments, mixed in the greatest disorder among all the bundles. Beyle's handwriting suffered immense changes: it was first very fine, in Italy and in France; after 1806 it became more and more illegible.

The only biography of Beyle which exists at present is full of errors. M. Colomb, who wrote it, had very insufficient data; nevertheless, his notice has been used hitherto by all who have written on the subject. The editors of the volume before us have given us Stendhal's Diary only between the years 1801 and 1814, and they are obliged to confess that the notes of the Diary are very imperfect, very obscure, sometimes very enigmatic. These familiar lines were certainly never destined for publication. The notes on the years 1807-1808 and the notes written in Russia in 1812 have been lost. Beyle wrote a great deal, if he published little. He said of himself in 1832: "Did you ever see, good reader, a silk worm which has had enough of his leaf of the mulberry tree? The comparison, if ignoble, is just. This ugly beast will eat no more, it needs to make its prison for the night. Such is the animal named a writer." His precept had been for a long time: "Nulla dies sine linea."

The Diary begins in April, 1801, when Beyle was only eighteen years old. He was in Milan, which was occupied by the French. He had entered Italy in the white uniform of a dragoon, and Italy will always remain his first love. He goes to Bergamo: "The country round Bergamo is the finest that I have ever seen." He goes to Brescia, to Cremona; he is always in motion. Nevertheless, he reads much, he goes every night to some theatre. At the end of 1801 he returns to France; on his way he writes at Grenoble:

"I was born on the 23d of January, 1783, at Grenoble, rue des Vieux-Jésuites. I left for Paris on the 8th Brumaire, an viii. I arrived there the 19th of the same month. I left it after five months and twenty-eight days. I arrived in Geneva the 28th of the same month, then I left on the 3d Prairial (I keep the old Revolutionary names) for Milan. I was appointed sub-lieutenant on the 1st Vendémiaire, an ix, and placed in the Sixth Dragoons on the 1st Brumaire. I became aide-de-camp of General Michaud on the 12th Prairial, an ix; I left him at Brescia to join the corps the first complementary day of the same year. I arrived at Bra, where was the fourth company, in which I am sub-lieutenant, the 7th Vendémiaire, an x."

Here we have positive data on the military career of Beyle. But let us follow him in Paris. In 1803 we see him full of literary projects, attending lectures, going to the theatres. "What is my object? To gain the reputation of the greatest French poet. To deserve this reputation I must learn Greek, Latin, Italian, English." He is not much of a poet; he is already realistic. In one of the notes on the same page he writes: "Never attribute to people of a certain class ideas entertained by another class. Do the men of the people speak often of happiness such as we understand it?" He laughs at the people who find that *Dorine* speaks too familiarly to her master in "Tartufe." Molière was right; and "what makes me think so is the fact that in the provinces servants still mix in the conversation; people there have still the manners of the time of Louis XIV." He begins to work at a play destined for the French Theatre: "Letellier" became the definitive title; the first was "Les Deux Hommes." The extracts given from this play, written in verse, show how ill-founded were the ambitions of Beyle when he thought himself a dramatic author and a poet.

"L'aimable Chamoucy sur moi dut l'emporter."
"J'apprends que dans huit jours Chamoucy vous épouse."

Such is the style of "Les Deux Hommes." Beyle was occupied also with the project of a 'Filosofia nova.' He thinks at first of giving a dramatic form to his new philosophy; he imagines a young man entering on the world, and formed by the conversation of four or five per-

sonages of very different characters. His hero will have "the divine character of La Fontaine. I feel that my love for simplicity augments every day." He will give to one of his personages the character of the courtier. His young man will deliver a great monologue and tell what impression the world makes on him. Beyle preferred the dramatic to the didactic form: "By not putting my ideas in a dramatic form, I shall have to take much more pains and shall not do so well."

All this is very chaotic; and the notes represent exactly the disorder of a very active mind which has not yet found its direction. We see in them the germs of many of the ideas which afterwards became dominant, as, the love of energy—"a quality which is the *sine qua non* of genius"; the notion of the crystallization of ideas and sensations round a centre—"all materialism is in these words: everything that exists is crystallized"; the habit of reasoning with his own sentiments and feelings, of conducting the affairs of the mind, even of the heart, on a systematic method, of saying to himself, "This day I will do this, the next day that"—a habit which we find in all Stendhal's heroes, of whom it can always be said that there is method in their madness; the belief in the irresistibility and blindness of passion, which seems contradictory of the habit of analysis, but really is so only in appearance.

Beyle spends some time in Grenoble in 1803, and returns to Paris "more reasonable, and therefore happier." After a representation of "Agamemnon," he is presented to the famous Mlle. Duchesnois, and finds her perfectly natural. He sees Talma dressed "in a blue frock, with black silk stockings. He spoke to the porter of the theatre in the same voice he used on the stage. His aspect made an impression on me; it seemed to me that I was touching glory." Between two notes on Duchesnois and Mlle. Raucourt, "who has the voice of a fishmonger," we read: "Second sitting of the Tribunal, to declare Bonaparte Emperor." The notes are constantly sprinkled with English words. He writes: "If the Two Men réusissent, les faire imprimer, etc." "Faire vite the new philosophy; autrement, etc." After the fête of the proclamation of the Empire, he writes: "We see Bonaparte perfectly. He comes before us on horseback—on a fine white horse, with a bright new coat, the colonel's uniform of his guards. He bows much and smiles—the smile of the stage, when the actor shows his teeth but the eyes do not smile." The habit of self-analysis is well shown in the notes. "I read these notes [of 1804] over again on the 10th of January at Marseilles; they seem to fulfil well their object. There are at times moments of *profondeur* in the picture of my character. These moments of *profondeur* come to me by fits since that date." Speaking of the project of an opera on Don Carlos, which he had formed, he says: "I find the plan of a Don Carlos opera good." Of a criticism which he had made of Regnard's "Joueur," "I was not on that particular day disposed to be sensible to continual pleasantry; besides, at that time I took things seriously."

This perpetual self-inspection is seen on every page of the new book; it becomes sometimes very shocking when Beyle speaks of women and of the sentiment which he entertains toward them. Many notes ought to have been suppressed by the editors, for they are coarse, cynical, and really of no interest. It is trying to find, after a few excellent lines of literary criticism, or a good anecdote of Napoleon, pages of nonsense upon Miss Louason, a young lady with whom Beyle studies the passion of love, or some other equally unknown deity of his youth.

It is irritating to find long details on the most indifferent subjects, and to see the greatest events of the day treated in this manner: "Bonaparte [he calls him 'Milan' in the Diary] was hunting every day some time ago. Now he has been at the Malmaison for four days, in a profound spleen; people say it is because he has just assassinated the Duc d'Enghien. Louis Bonaparte is ill in bed. Joseph has accepted the Kingdom of Lombardy." Here is a good anecdote on "Milan":

"When Milan wished to reestablish religion in France, he still paid some attention to the opinion of the enlightened people with whom he wished to fortify his government; he sent for Volney [the author of the 'Ruins'], and said to him that the French people asked him for their religion, that he thought it was necessary to the happiness of the people. 'But,' said Volney, 'if you give a willing ear to the people, they will ask also for a Bourbon'; upon which, Milan flew into a great fury, put him out of the room—some people say, kicked him out. The poor Volney, who has very poor health, thereupon fell ill; nevertheless, thinking that this affair would be sent to the Senate, he began a long report on the question. When it was known, people told him to stop, or else he would be assassinated; since then he does not go out much."

Beyle adds in English, "If true, for a future Tacitus."

This first volume of notes (we shall have other volumes) ends in 1809. The true Beyle is not yet quite developed, and we hope that the next volumes will be prepared in a more critical spirit. There is really no reason why the most commonplace remarks of a Diary should be preserved as they are in this volume, and kept for posterity. It is a most laborious work to pick a few plums out of this pudding, and many people, I am afraid, will throw away the pudding after the first attempt.

Correspondence.

THE MILLIONAIRE IN POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Give me \$100,000, and a reliable man at each polling-place, and I will, at any general election, contract to purchase 20,000 votes for any political organization in this State." The speaker was a man of keen observation and wide experience in practical politics, and he evidently believed he could fulfil his contract to the letter. Nor will any one familiar with the politics of to-day doubt that the judicious use of the sum named will, under ordinary circumstances, warrant the assertion made. The implied claim that from eight to ten per cent. of our voters stand ready to put a price upon their suffrage, will seem incredible only to those who have never had occasion to investigate this matter carefully. The lists of "floaters," as Gen. Dudley has so aptly termed them, in the hands of the workers on either side at the late election, certainly justifies the claim.

Those unfamiliar with existing conditions in the rural districts will perhaps be most surprised to learn that the percentage of corruptible voters there is rather in excess of those in the smaller cities and villages. The fact is, the farmer's "help" of to-day is a very different sort of a personage from the farmer's "hired man" of *ante-bellum* days. At the present time the average farmer takes it for granted his "help" will go with him to the polls and vote as he directs, especially if he gives him a holiday on that occasion. The farmer in turn expects, and usually secures, from those who handle the funds for his party due remuneration for the "time" he has given his help, and not infrequently do the more thrifty insist

upon payment for the team employed to convey the "help" to and from the polls. Occasionally we find a farmer who is too thin-skinned to engage in work of this character even. In that event, the help is turned over to the less sensitive "worker" of his (the farmer's) own party, to be dealt with directly. Should he dare to make terms with the opposition, however, the righteous indignation of his employer knows no bounds, and he can expect to be dismissed in disgrace as soon as the "fall work" is done.

Under present conditions, then—that is, with a purchasable vote sufficiently numerous to decide the result at any election held in this State for years past—is it strange that the politically ambitious millionaire should, all at once, become the most important factor in our politics? Or is it remarkable that the wire-pullers of a party should show a deeper interest in the financial standing than in the mental acquirements of their candidates? The next problem that presented itself was this: how to utilize the millionaire's money by securing its honest expenditure for dishonest purposes. Long experience had shown that no dependence whatever could be placed upon the professional worker: his method of pocketing the money, and trusting to moral suasion alone to secure the "floater" vote, had proved far from satisfactory. For a time the managers were at their wits' end to devise means for garnering the crop, ripe for the harvest. To the Grand Old Party must be ascribed the credit—in this State at least—of having first furnished a solution of this perplexing riddle.

About four years ago there was a gathering in Detroit of the leading Republicans of the State. The result of that gathering was the formation of a powerful political organization, known as the Michigan Club, with headquarters at Detroit. Immediately thereafter, branch organizations sprang up in every city and village in the State. These minor clubs hold meetings at stated intervals, and communicate directly with the central organization at Detroit. The advantage of permanent organizations of this character over the ephemeral campaign clubs of former years must be apparent. Through the medium of the Michigan Club and its branches the machinery of the Republican party in the State is operated to-day. Alger's "boom" for the Presidency originated here. Its apparent spontaneity was wholly due to perfect organization. The present demand that he be given a Cabinet position, so far as such demand can be said to exist, is traceable to the same source. The acknowledged leaders of Republicanism in Michigan to-day are Alger, Stockbridge, McMillan, and Blodgett, all millionaires, all lumbermen. None of them are possessed of those qualities which would entitle them to be regarded as leaders of thought or expounders of opinion; none of them are men of superior intelligence; none of them, prior to their advent as leaders, had had legislative or administrative experience. The first-named has acquired some notoriety during the past few months as candidate for the Presidential nomination. His methods at Chicago are supposed to have left a sore spot on the person of John Sherman of Ohio. Frank Stockbridge, the Kalamazoo lumberman, as successor to Conger in the United States Senate, is reaping his reward for services rendered in 1886. Upon him devolved the task of carrying the doubtful legislative districts of the State. James McMillan of Detroit, to whom has this year fallen the task allotted to Stockbridge two years ago, is to succeed Palmer as United States Senator. Dr. Blodgett, the millionaire lumberman of Grand Rapids, has never before taken a hand

in politics. He is a large pine-land owner, and the "free lumber" clause in the Mills Bill is said to have frightened him beyond measure. The especial work blocked out for him during the past campaign was the defeat of Congressman Ford in the Fifth District. His efforts have been crowned with success, and he is to be rewarded with the gubernatorial nomination two years hence.

Since the organization of the Michigan Club and its branches, a very marked change has taken place in the character of the Republican workers at the polls. The disreputable workers and strikers of former years have been relegated to the ranks of the "floaters," where they very properly belong, and in their place we now find business men of unquestioned integrity and character. They alone handle the funds at the polls. They deal directly with the "floaters," and while their work is done as quietly as possible, any one who cares to inquire may know their business. They are there to get votes. They get them by argument when they can, they resort to corrupt methods when they must. They pay no money until the work is done. Being men of character and standing, their promise, based upon certain conditions, inspires the "floater" with confidence to believe he will get his money when the conditions are complied with. While it cannot be truly said that work of this character is here regarded as reputable, it may be truly said that no disrepute attaches to those known to engage in it. As it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to find an accomplished financial agent in the rural districts when no club organization exists, the practice of delegating members of the city or village clubs to attend the polling places in the country is growing each year.

It is not claimed that the Democrats are one whit better than their Republican brethren. At the last election they made an effort to follow in the footsteps of their opponents by placing the honors "where they would do the most good"; but, being without organization, they were at the mercy of the "strikers," and the result, as might have been expected, was disastrous.

MICHIGAN.

INDIFFERENCE TO CORRUPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the political morals of this country were on the proper plane, the conduct of a large number of party leaders during the last campaign would have produced an outburst of indignation sufficient to arouse the country from Maine to California. The forgery and circulation of the alleged quotations from the *London Times* should have produced a storm of wrath which would have driven Mr. Quay's Committee to resign within three days after their exposure. But nothing of the kind occurred, and nothing of the kind will occur previous to the development of a more delicate political conscience among the masses.

Four years ago, while a student in college, I offered to a fellow-student some documents containing the letters of Mr. Blaine which bore such plain evidence of his moral unfitness for the Presidency. To my surprise, he refused to read a single line, or even to hear me state the contents of the letters. This man was preparing for the ministry, and is now exercising the duties of that profession; and yet he was so blinded by prejudice as to keep himself intentionally ignorant of the character of the man for whom he voted. I have heard the same man say that he belonged to the party of intelligence and virtue. If the intelligence and virtue which is supposed to form the core of

the Republican organization were to shake off this parasitical element of ignorance and dishonesty, perhaps the number who really believe in the principles of Republicanism, whatever they may be, would be smaller than is generally supposed.

Such people have worked themselves into a frame of mind which allows them to believe everything that bears the party stamp, and reject everything which does not. They regard the seal of Quay's Committee as better evidence in determining the truth or falsity of supposed quotations from British papers than the editors of the papers themselves, or than even a search through their files. The fact that a man charged with wholesale bribery in Indiana is an earnest and enthusiastic Republican, is a sufficient warrant for his character, no matter how difficult it may be to construe his letter into a plea for an honest election. "I'll have peace if I have to fight for it," said the Irishman. "I'll have an honest majority in Indiana if I have to buy it in blocks of five," says the agent of the party which poses as the champion of an uncorrupted suffrage. And he obtains the prayers and dollars of rich colonels and clothes-dealers in order that he may carry out his high moral purpose.

This is bad enough, to be sure; but what better could be expected of a country which for years has been going on the assumption that it is a legitimate function of Government to put one man's earnings into another man's pocket, and call it "the American system"? Nations cannot easily be dishonest in one respect alone, any more than individuals. We are only reaping the natural harvest of the seed sown when our fathers consented to use the Government to make certain men rich by taxing certain other men under the cover of the specious word "protection." There must be some severe shock to awaken the people to a proper sense of their condition. Taking all things into consideration, the speediest way out of the darkness might be through a Cabinet composed of Messrs. Blaine, Platt, Wanamaker, Clarkson, Dudley, Alger, and Quay. The inner workings of the machine would thus be displayed on the surface, and the people might be induced to consider the question whether it is just the right sort of machine.

W.

A FULL VOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The corruption of voters is not the only electoral evil which demands legislative restraint. For those who practically cannot vote at all, safeguards against dishonest voting have no meaning. In this electoral precinct there are three lumber mills—a small private one, and two large ones belonging to the Northern Pacific—and these constitute almost the only industry. The precinct, I am informed, should poll about 250 votes, and it is admitted that the overwhelming sentiment of the community is Democratic; yet at the late Presidential election but thirty-one votes were cast—twenty-one for Cleveland and ten for Harrison.

The reason for this light vote is, that the Northern Pacific Mills did not shut down work or make any arrangement by which their men could visit the polls in detail. From the nearest mill, I am told, a few did go to vote at the noon hour. Now, it seems to me evident that if our Government is to be carried on by popular suffrage, all men should be secured, as far as possible, in the opportunity to vote. The voting should be not only free, but full, to which end a law should be passed compelling employers to grant their men sufficient time to vote at the

nearest polling-place. If then, when they reach it, they are armed with a secret ballot, we shall have an expression of the popular will both full and free.

Whether employees should be docked for all or only half the time thus spent in voting, or whether their wages should be unaffected, are questions of detail. The important thing is, that all should have the time to vote, and that if they fail to discharge this political duty, they shall gain thereby no advantage in wages.

SUE HARRY CLAGETT.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL, KING CO., W. T.

ANOTHER REASON FOR DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think it is not impossible that the late Democratic defeat resulted in part from the *dense ignorance* of some of the voters. Yesterday I met upon the streets of this city a wealthy and respectable farmer, of average intelligence, who saluted me with the remark, "Well, we laid you out at the election;" to which I replied, "I think you laid yourself out. A farmer who votes to maintain the present protective tariff, votes to tax himself for the benefit of others, without any compensating advantage." "Why, how is that?" he asked. "We farmers in Michigan cannot compete with the cheap wool and beef of Texas and our great West, unless the producers there are compelled to pay a tariff tax when they bring their products here to sell in our market. It is the tariff upon this Southern and Western wool and beef that keeps up the price of ours"; and he assured me that that was really what he understood by our protective tariff. If this man is a fair average of his class, what missionary work can be undertaken to meet such ignorance?

D.

SAGINAW, MICH., December 24, 1888.

THE WORK OF AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of the work of American missionary societies in the *Nation* of December 13 inquires what relation education bears to conversion in missionary effort. Will you allow me space to suggest an answer to this question, and to correct a false impression which I fear may arise from his criticisms of the missionary work, especially in Turkey?

The purport of the criticism appears to be that the work in the larger cities in Turkey is mainly educational rather than directly religious; that those engaged in the work live in a degree of comfort, if not luxury, not fully realized by the American contributors to the funds; and that conversions, as far as they are made, are from one Christian sect to another. In these days of religious enlightenment, it is not, of course, to be for a moment considered that your reviewer does not recognize the fact that education is the very groundwork of all permanent and desirable Christian work. His point, I take it, is that the home contributors to missionary funds do not recognize this, and consequently are the victims of a certain deception. But is it fair to attribute to missionary subscribers in America such a low degree of intelligence as to the highest use of missionary funds as this implies; or, with our generous supply of missionary literature, to suppose an ignorance of how the funds are used? I am puzzled to know by what logical process your reviewer deduces "false pretences, malversation, and a breach of trust" from the use of the "hardly earned pennies" of the "little

Sunday-school children" in "supporting a school for Greek girls at Athens," these pennies being subscribed for "enlightening the darkness of the poor heathen." As it happens, there is no school for Greek girls at Athens supported in whole or in part by American missions; but if there were, what possible better means of enlightenment could be suggested? Does any one now believe that hortatory street-corner preaching would produce better Christian results than a Christian school for girls? I may instance the well-known Christian and liberalizing influence of Robert College upon Bulgaria, and ask if there are any "Sunday-school children" intelligent enough to comprehend this work who would not be proud to have had a share in it.

But, however important educational effort may be, it should not be inferred that it forms all, or even a relatively large part of the whole work. In Turkish missions there are about 800 native workers and preachers under the patronage of the A. B. C. F. M. alone, preaching to congregations numbering over 45,000. These congregations themselves gave during the last year nearly \$60,000 towards the support of their own institutions.

As regards the elegance in which the missionaries in Turkey live, it should not be forgotten that it is natural for people of culture to create about them an atmosphere of culture in whatever part of the world they may happen to be. Contrast, also, may make their homes appear more luxurious than they really are. As the highest salary paid to any lady teacher in Turkey, including the principal of the "large and flourishing school" referred to by your reviewer, does not exceed \$450 per annum, it would not seem that they could live in what in this country would be called a very extravagant degree of luxury. If, with such an income, in a large and rather expensive city like Constantinople, missionaries can surround themselves with "every European and American comfort," it would seem to betoken a thrift in their foreign representatives on which the American Sunday-school children might well congratulate themselves; nor, if the lady missionary in Manissa happened (as was the case) to possess both taste and private means enough to provide herself with a Steinway piano, would it seem that the American contributors to missionary moneys had been greatly wronged.

Finally, as regards the fact that missionary effort in Turkey is mainly directed towards nominally Christian people, while there seems to be a little incoherency between this criticism and the other—that the work is mainly educational—it is sufficient to call to mind that it is a part of the policy of American missionary societies to direct their labors to nominally Christian countries. As examples may be mentioned Mexico, Spain, Italy, and Austria.

Yours truly, G. T. W. P.

IOWA CITY, December 21, 1888.

THE BIBLE AT DARTMOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An open letter in a recent number of the *Century* tells us that Dartmouth College has taken steps to provide for scientific study of the Bible. Will you permit a graduate of that institution to protest against the implication that such a study of that book is there possible? As Büchner wisely says, no trust can be placed in the judgments of one who has given in his adherence to a creed. Dartmouth is creed-bound. The idolator does not calmly collect and organize the teachings of his common sense in regard to his idol or his fetish; neither does the orthodox, having pronounced

a book divine, proceed coolly and relentlessly to read it in the light of science.

Eleven years ago President Bartlett of Dartmouth was attempting to demonstrate to the then Seniors the harmony between science and Genesis. Development stood in the way. He demolished the theory. He drew from his pocket a dime, a quarter, a half-dollar, and a dollar, and laid them in a row upon his desk. "These coins," he said to us, "resemble one another in shape, markings and material; therefore, the Darwinian would say, they must be developed one from the other. And that is the absurd claim, the baseless theory, of evolution." On another occasion he read to us an extract from the then recently published lecture of Virchow, in which that eminent scientist said that the development of man from non-human ancestors is not a doctrine as yet sufficiently well established to be taught in the schools. He did not read to us the whole lecture, of which a few detached sentences, read in large type, so well served his purpose; he did not tell us that Virchow was a champion of evolution; and he did not tell us that Virchow had expressed many opinions as to science and life which were calculated to shock the orthodox.

I have no reason to suppose that the President of Dartmouth is any more scientific, or that the spirit of the college is any more liberal, to-day than they were eleven years ago. No one can regret this more than I. But, in justice to science, I am constrained to express the opinion that scientific study of an assumedly inspired volume—anywhere absurdly impossible—is at Dartmouth a pretence made in ignorance.

JOHN COTTON DANA.

THREE-MILE RANCHE, COLORADO.

Notes.

THE final volumes, III. and IV., of the Life of William Lloyd Garrison by his children have just been given to the printer, with a view to publication by the Century Co. in the fall. They will be uniform in all respects with the first two volumes published in 1885, and a general index will supersede the partial index issued with Vol. II. The supply of portraits will be liberal. Each volume covers the space of about twenty years (1841-1860, 1861-1879).

We are glad to announce, as just about to appear, the fourth volume of Mr. James Schouler's 'History of the United States under the Constitution' (Washington: W. H. Morrison). The period here covered is 1831-1847, and the fifth (and perhaps concluding) volume, which will break off at 1861, is now in active preparation. The boon of having a history of the first class for the whole of the period before the war will be appreciated by a host of teachers and students. The fourth volume, by the way, begins at the date of the origin of the anti-slavery movement in this country, and will therefore furnish valuable collateral reading in connection with Vols. I.-III. of the Life of Garrison.

The *New Princeton Review* has been purchased by Ginn & Co., Boston, to be merged in the *Political Science Quarterly*. The fusion is a natural one, and every one must desire the *Quarterly* to be strengthened and maintained. Prof. Sloane, in relinquishing the editorial conduct of the *Review*, will share in the production of the *Quarterly*.

The Dunlap Society closes its second year by the publication of the biennial reports of its secretary and treasurer, accompanied by a list

of its members, which is not as ample as might be wished. In its two years of active work the Dunlap Society has issued to its members new editions, properly prefaced, of three early American plays, Royall Tyler's "Contrast" and Dunlap's "André" and the "Father." It has also published a much needed biography of Thomas A. Cooper, by Mr. Ireland, and an admirable selection of the poetical 'Opening Addresses' of various American theatres, edited by Mr. Hutton. All of its books have been beautifully printed at the De Vinne Press, and all have been adorned with illustrations. We have been surprised to see the names of so few public libraries on the list of members. A publication society like the Dunlap, working solely for the love of its subject, appeals especially to the incorporated library; and yet we do not find that here in New York either the Astor or the Lenox or the Mercantile or the Society or the Columbia College Library has acquired the books sent forth by the Dunlap Society. Among the volumes which the Dunlap has now in preparation are 'Occasional Addresses,' edited by Mr. Hutton and Mr. William Carey, and 'Brief Chronicles,' by Mr. William Winter, this last being a series of biographical and critical sketches of the leading performers of the American stage who have died in the past quarter of a century.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce 'Chopin, and Other Musical Essays,' by Henry T. Finck, author of 'Romantic Love and Personal Beauty'; 'First and Fundamental Truths: A Treatise on Metaphysics,' by Dr. McCosh; and Prof. Geo. P. Fisher's Dudgeon Lecture on 'The Validity of Non-Episcopal Ordination.'

G. P. Putnam's Sons will follow up their series of Hamilton's and Franklin's Works with 'The Writings of George Washington,' edited, in about fourteen volumes, by W. C. Ford. Only 750 sets will be printed.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish ere long 'Selected Poems of Wordsworth,' for school use, edited by Mr. A. J. George.

The late W. J. Thoms invented the word *folk-lore* for use in English, but it has now been adopted by the French. Among the latest announcements in Paris is a forthcoming 'Folk-lore Brésilien,' by Santa-Anna Néry, to be published by Didier (New York: F. W. Christern), with a preface by Prince Roland Bonaparte.

The house of Hachette & Co., Paris, announce a French translation, by Mme. L. Triggant, of Gen. Greely's 'Dans les Glaces arctiques: récit de l'expédition américaine dans la baie de Franklin (1881-1884).'

In the series of illustrated volumes begun by 'Tartarin sur les Alpes' (of which book nearly one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold) M. Daudet's 'Jack' is soon to appear, and so also is 'Uranie,' by M. Camille Flammarion.

M. Daudet's 'Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres' (Paris: Marpon & Flammarion; New York: F. W. Christern) is really a continuation or second instalment of his 'Trente Ans de Paris.' It is made up partly out of ten-year old contributions to the *Nouveau Temps* of St. Petersburg, and partly of later contributions to *L'Illustration* and the *Nouvelle Revue*. The 'Histoire de mes Livres' now includes accounts of the genesis of 'Numa Roumestan' and 'Les Rois en exil.' There are sketches of Émile Ollivier and Gambetta to mate with those of Villermessant and Rochefort in 'Trente Ans'; a flattering outline of M. Edmond de Goncourt to match that of Turgenev; half a dozen neatly limned portraits of *gens de théâtre*—Déjazet, Lesueur, Félix, Mme. Arnould-Plessy, Dupuis, and Lafontaine. There is also a little tale

called "Un Membre du Jockey-Club," which seems to have been left over from the 'Lettres de mon Moulin' or the 'Contes du Lundi,' and there are half a score more essaylets of less importance. Obviously, a third volume will be forthcoming in due season, to contain the paper on Mistral contributed to the *Century*, and further instalments of the 'Histoire de mes Livres.' Externally, the 'Souvenirs' resembles the 'Trente Ans' and the 'Tartarin,' but the illustrations are sparser and less tasteful.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner collects familiar papers of his, 'On Horseback in Virginia etc., with Mexican Notes' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The book is comely and the arrangement of its contents reveals no little skill; there is the tour in Virginia to catch and hold the reader's attention at the start, while as soon as he begins to think of skipping he runs upon the Mexican notes, admirably adapted for that purpose, and then he lights on the bit of Southern California to finish up with and leave a pleasant taste.

Harper & Bros. extend their uniform reissue of Walter Besant's novels with his 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' It is dedicated to the memory of his old literary partner, James Rice.

We said lately, of Mr. Edward Eggleston's school 'History of the United States and its People,' that it was well calculated for ordinary voluntary reading. He has, however, concluded that this latter end would be better served by retrenching the questions and expanding the text of the work. Hence we have 'The Household History of the United States and its People for Young Americans' (D. Appleton & Co.). The defects we pointed out in the briefer work have not been overcome. Let any one turn to the index (which, to be sure, misrepresents the work) and see but a single reference to the topic "Tariff" (anno 1887!), a second being discoverable in the curt account of secession in South Carolina, and he will be made aware of the failure of the author to give any idea of streams and tendencies in our national development. As to the subject of slavery, we will not repeat ourselves.

A little vest-pocket volume, dainty in every respect, and called 'Brilliant: A Setting of Humorous Poetry in Brilliant Types,' has been put forth by the De Vinne Press as a sort of advertisement of the Lilliputian resources of this great establishment. Mr. De Vinne has grouped together Goldsmith, Canning, Hood, Thackeray, Locker, Lowell, and other writers of light verse, but has also prefaced his posy with an account of some of the more remarkable ventures in this line of eye-destroying typography. The press-work is admirably clear and the binding very pretty.

The *Photographic Times* (New York: Scovill Manufacturing Co.) issued a Christmas number in token of some promised improvements for the coming year. Illustrations are to be more frequent than heretofore, and in the number just mentioned there are two photographs, and a plate by Kurtz's process after some detective-camera views made in Italy by Mr. W. J. Stillman.

The November *Studio* is a Verestchagin number, containing several "process" copies of pictures in the gallery now open. Some of these we take leave to think more interesting and pleasing than the originals, and we cannot adopt the editor's laudatory opinion of the collection as a whole.

The entertaining account of the Niger Delta by Mr. H. H. Johnston in the December Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society contains little that is noteworthy, except the statements in respect to the prevalence of can-

nibalism among the natives. Even among those who are nominally Christians, and live amid factories, schools, and churches, there are occasional outbreaks of this passion for human flesh. Capt. G. Langen describes the Key Islands, a little group to the south of New Guinea, belonging to the Dutch. The inhabitants number about 20,000, one-third of whom are Mohammedans, "who are greatly increasing every year, owing to the influence of Arabs and natives who have returned to Key as 'hadjis' from Mecca," the expenses of the pilgrims being at times met by the village to which he or she belongs. The people show considerable artistic talent: even "children from three to five years of age are seen trying their skill in carving ornamental figures," or "by drawing on a smooth surface of fine sand houses, animals, steam and sailing boats, fishes, etc.; and I have always been struck by the symmetry of their work." Mr. D. W. Freshfield, in a "Note on the Conservative Action of Glaciers," controverts the theory that the "sculpture" of the mountains and the formation of the lakes is due to what Prof. Tyndall calls the "paramount influence" of ice. He especially commends the scientific reports of this country as "models of clearness," with illustrations "in striking contrast to the obsolete old woodcuts and inaccurate caricatures" in many English text-books written by the best authors.

Lieut. H. Wissmann, the well-known African traveller, contributes to *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for December an account of the Bashilange, a race living between the Kassai and Sankuru Rivers in the southern part of the Congo Free State, among whom he has lived for six years. This people, numbering about a million and a half, appear to be the most promising of all the Central African negroes. Their first advance from pure savagery dates, singularly, from the introduction of hemp-smoking some twenty-five years ago. The desire for hemp led to commerce, which naturally tended to diminish the incessant village and tribal wars; they became less wild and "made laws." At the coming of the whites, they eagerly adopted civilized ways. They improved their breed of domestic animals, began to cultivate rice and to build two-story houses of clay, to put on clothes, to make tables and chairs, and to eat with knives and forks. They have given up administering poison to the accused, have burned their fetishes and abolished the death penalty. The one deep shadow in this bright picture is the slave trade which they carry on with the neighboring tribes, though it is now forbidden to sell their own wives or children. Franz Hertwig describes a trip on the south coast of Natal and Pondoland, made in the interest of the German Pondoland Company, which intends to colonize this region.

An interesting feature of the coming centennial celebration, in this city, of Washington's inauguration as President on April 30, 1789, is to be a loan exhibition in the Metropolitan Opera-house in April and May. Portraits and relics of the men of the first Administration, the superior officers of the army, the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and of the First Congress, and the officers of Government in New York State and city in 1789, are desired for this purpose. The manager is Mr. William A. Coffin, No. 280 Broadway.

—Harper's for January opens with Gen. Lew Wallace's historical play, "Commodus," a poetical performance of which we only remark that the plot, on the whole strong and developed with success, seems to us to suffer from

being made too complex, and that the style rarely attains to the large utterance at which it manifestly aims, while too often marred by elaborate conceits and occasionally vulgarisms. Miss Woolson does not give us enough of her new serial to base a judgment upon, though the scene and one at least of the characters promise well. Of the illustrated articles, the one on "The Ancient City of Wisby" leads us quite off the travelled routes, and has real attractions for antiquary and artist alike. Clarence Cook has a short paper on Russian bronzes, with specimens figured from the collection of the Messrs. Tiffany; a rather sketchy account of amateur photography is embellished with several more than usually fine reproductions of the art; and a very clear and interesting description of the haunts and habits of the beaver, by Mr. H. P. Wells, gives the quietus to several unfounded stories about the sagacity of that animal, while fully proving its remarkable skill and tireless industry within narrow lines of intelligent effort. Nothing in the number is more thoroughly studied or better repays reading than the article on "Manufacturing Industry in Ireland," by Mr. (Land) Commissioner MacCarthy. It is marked by extensive historical research and a wide acquaintance with existing conditions. There is something portending trouble to our protectionists in Mr. MacCarthy's account of the rise of woollen manufactures in Ireland and their seeking a market here. To win and hold Irish votes against Irish manufactures would seem to demand new kinds of obfuscation.

—Probably no article of the railway series in *Scribner's* has conveyed more real information than the paper on "Railway Management" in the number for January. Its author is Gen. E. P. Alexander, himself President of the Central Railroad of Georgia, and its orderly arrangement and condensed lucidity witness to the grasp of the hand of an executive upon the pen. Gen. Alexander makes only glancing allusions to the questions of legislative control, now so fully before the country: his aim is rather to give an idea of the vast complexity of the affairs of railway administration. He makes it clear that the machine is too delicate to bear any off-hand tinkering, at the same time that he shows how the talent required to run it is so rare as naturally and inevitably to command the great rewards actually bestowed. Before thus landing us at the end of the nineteenth century, the number carries us back to the Middle Ages in its opening paper, an intelligent account of life in the great seignorial castles, with many fine illustrations from drawings by E. H. Blashfield. To a still older civilization are we borne in the article of Dr. Griffis on "Japanese Art Symbols." He helps one to understand the shapelessness and often hideousness of the figures wrought into these art products of Japan, which, in total effect of outline and color, have so great a power to charm. Prof. Fisher has an entertaining essay on "The Ethics of Controversy," light and anecdotal more than philosophical. Himself *havi ignarus mali*, he might have chosen from his own generation examples of infinite meanness in ecclesiastical polemics. Edith M. Thomas contributes a poem of thought and finish such as we have come to associate with her name. The number is an excellent example of the type which the magazine has set before itself from the beginning.

—A new serial from the tireless pen of Henry James is begun in the January *Atlantic*. It is to be a study of English life, apparently, and the opening chapters are in characteristic

style. Mrs. Deland contributes a short story which strikingly reminds us of the best parts of her bepraised and buffeted book—we mean, of course, the parts where the trail of theology is not over all. Indeed, she has made us so familiar with the spectacle of an aged heart, thrilling over a suspicion of a live ember amid the gray ashes of burnt-out love, that “Mr. Tommy Dove” will seem almost like a literal copy of the old attorney in ‘John Ward.’ Prof. Shaler’s article on “The Athletic Problem in Education” will be sure to receive, as it deserves, marked attention. Whatever may be one’s own views, the careful testimony of a veteran to results worked out under his own eyes cannot safely be overlooked. “Washington’s Great Campaign of 1776” is the title of Mr. John Fiske’s historical paper for the month. He wears the heavy armor of his learning with customary ease, and with a sure though light foot runs over the series of battlefields, from Long Island to Trenton, which first convinced Europe that a true military genius had arisen in America. Philip Dymond’s article on Von Moltke is written in a strong style. It appears to conceive of the “Great Taciturn” more as a military formula than as a man, and leaves one with a vague and far-away sense of an obscure personality; but perhaps this is unavoidable as yet, and, at any rate, the writer’s vigorous grasp of the essential principle of Moltke’s method, and his acute reflections upon the necessary effects of Germany’s intense militarism upon the life of the nation, make his work of high interest. The ordinary poetical restraint of the *Atlantic* gives way to a real irruption of verse in this number; but this does not imply any letting down of the standard.

— We have noted on several occasions Krummacker’s examination of Carlyle’s style, in the *Englische Studien*. A worthy successor to Krummacker has appeared in the latest issue of that periodical (xii., Heft 2), viz.: W. Franz, on ‘Die Dialektsprache bei Ch. Dickens,’ pp. 197-244. The writer restricts himself to Dickens’s *London* dialect, disregarding the Yorkshire peculiarities of ‘Nicholas Nickleby,’ the Americanisms of ‘Martin Chuzzlewit,’ and the idiosyncracies of Mrs. Gamp and the Debilitated Cousin. His work is thoroughly well done; it teaches us once more how the trained foreigner may note and collect peculiarities that the native is apt to overlook. At one point Franz is misled. He says (p. 221, § 12) that the old participle-prefix *ge-* survives in the form of *a* in such locutions as: “I’d a been drunk four days if I’d *a-had* the money”; again, “you’d never have forgotten it, if you’d *a-heard* him”; still again, “I see him *a-forced* to turn away his own self.” That is, *a-had*, *a-heard*, *a-forced*=German *ge-habt*, *ge-hört*, *ge-zwungen*. In the last example of the three, *a-forced* is a formation analogous to *a-fire*, *a-fraid*, where the *a* is a survival of A. S. *ā-* or of *an-*, *on-*. In the first two, the *a* of course stands for ‘ave (have), and the phrases may be expanded “I would have had,” “You would have heard.” In connection with the list of intensives (p. 233), we call the author’s attention to the quaint Virginianism “powerful weak.”

PROF. BRYCE’S AMERICAN COMMON-WEALTH.—I.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce, author of ‘The Holy Roman Empire,’ M. P. for Aberdeen. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 750 and 743.

THERE are few things for which a civilized people have more cause to be thankful than for

an impartial but kindly estimate of their institutions and their character by a thoroughly competent judge. It is now commonly conceded that Americans have outgrown the youthful period when foreign criticism found them unduly sensitive to blame or praise, and have a pretty solid conviction that their country has a sufficient importance in the eyes of the world to insure all the respectful consideration they could desire. Educated men are especially disposed to be quite sober in their views of the present and the future, for they feel the burden of great and perilous problems that must soon be solved. All who have a patriotic and intelligent interest in the country will welcome Professor Bryce’s book as one of the most weighty and important contributions ever offered us in the study of the gravest questions of public and social concern. For more than twenty years the author has been well known to all American scholars by his ‘Holy Roman Empire,’ a book which showed the rare power of grasping the characteristics of a complicated political organization in its entirety, and of simplifying the results of a great epoch so that their spirit and their drift are not hidden by multitudinous historical details. Many of us date our first satisfactory comprehension of the growth of German nationality from our reading of that earlier work. To know that the same writer was studying our Government and our people was enough to set our expectations upon the stretch, with the assurance that the opinions of so judicious and able an observer could not fail to be full of deep teaching for us.

The book does not disappoint these expectations. Every page gives evidence of the conscientious labor which the author has given to his work. His visits to the United States have been repeated and prolonged. They were not confined to the older States, but took in the basin of the Mississippi and the Pacific Slope of the Continent. His personal observation has been supplemented by a careful study of constitutional and political history, going to original sources for the decisions of courts and the opinions of public men. He has interrogated competent witnesses in all parts of the country when seeking the facts which are most significant in the working of our political machinery and the actual forces seen in the development of our institutions. He tells us frankly how successive visits and fuller observation swept away many broad generalizations he was at first disposed to make, and led him to be more cautious in attributing everything that is striking to the democracy of our institutions. He saw more and more the natural effects of habit and social circumstances working upon an essentially English character in an essentially English people when separated from the monarchic and aristocratic elements of old-world society. It became plain to him that the necessary self-reliance of the early colonists gave shape to local government when communication with the mother country was very slow and very infrequent. The colonial character became a written constitution for the State when independence was at last asserted. After the unsatisfactory experiment of a confederation without national functions, the separate State governments became the model for the really national organization which had become a necessity. The law of natural development again showed its force in the preservation of State sovereignty as fully as was consistent with the erection of a federal government with such powers as were necessary to an efficient national existence. Under prolonged investigation the complex federal system ceased to be an invention of the great men who

founded the Government, and stood forth as the outgrowth of nearly two centuries of free colonial development. Yet the greatness of the founders did not diminish in the observer’s eye as their work lost the character of a bold experiment; for the breadth of their practical sagacity and their full obedience to that self-restraint in innovation which has been the best characteristic of progressive British statesmen, proved that they had inherited the qualities which make liberty safe in the keeping of the English-speaking race.

Professor Bryce’s method is thus seen to be that which is now regarded as the only scientific one in history. He broadly investigates the facts to find the law of development within them, and reduces to a minimum the appeal to the *Deus ex machina*, whether in the form of extraordinary personal characteristics of human leaders or of the exceptional interference of supernatural forces. He finds himself forced to conclude that De Tocqueville, great as was his sagacity in political deductions, not seldom propounded theories which time has not justified, and he does not hesitate to declare that he shall be “far better pleased if readers of a philosophic turn find in the book matter on which they feel they can safely build theories for themselves, than if they take from it theories ready made.” When to so cautious and thorough a method the author brings a genial and friendly spirit, and an evident love for political liberty and faith in human progress, we have a rare combination of qualities for the work he has undertaken. When such a critic touches the weak places in our governmental organization, or points to sores in the body politic which threaten to become chronic ulcers, every patriotic American ought to take the warning to heart as the advice of a wise physician, and should set himself soberly and earnestly to seek the cure. By far the greater part of what Mr. Bryce has to say is in cordial recognition of the wonderfully successful progress, thus far, of democratic government on this Continent. No American could state more forcibly the triumph over difficulties which at several junctures in our history have threatened to be fatal. No sober-minded American would choose to profess a stronger faith than his, that the same national characteristics of intellect and will may, in the future, find an equally successful solution of the serious problems we have still to solve. All this gives only greater weight to his warning words when he must utter them, and should give greater confidence to his frank indications of the directions in which danger lies in our political methods and customs, and in our social and personal tendencies and habits of thought.

As we read his pages, their suggestive and instructive value to Americans is so great and so patent that we find ourselves concluding the book is written for us. It is, however, addressed primarily to earnest students and thoughtful men of the Old World. To such it should have double value, because it may be safely assumed that all candid Americans will recognize it as a truthful and trustworthy picture of our institutions and our people. The prevailing sentiment regarding it in this country will be wonder at its powerful, clear, and sympathetic appreciation of all that is strong and all that is weak in the phase of human progress which is working out upon this continent.

Prof. Bryce divides his work into four principal parts: first, the framework and constitutional machinery of the nation; second, the same of the several States; third, the methods by which this machinery is worked, including party organizations and the men who “run”

them; fourth, the ulterior forces which move the whole and give it direction. This last includes (as subdivisions) public opinion, the influence of religion and of various social institutions. Illustrations of the good and bad working of methods and of forces are introduced; and the whole is supplemented by estimates of the worth of what has been here developed, with some forecast of the future.

In giving an outline of the Federal Government and its origin, the author disclaims the purpose to do more than sketch the leading features of the Constitution and laws. Constitutional history proper is beyond his present field. The Government as it is and as it works to-day is his subject, with only a passing reference to the historical steps by which it grew to what we see it. The actual relations of the coordinate departments to each other; how Congress works in its two houses and in relation to both executive and judiciary; what interdependence is there in these departments and what interdependence; to what extent either has trenched upon the province of the other; is either a dominant feature in the Government, or does it threaten to become such?—these are some of the pregnant questions which are treated broadly yet succinctly, and with the sure touch of one who is both a philosopher and a man of affairs.

The State Governments are treated in a similar way, and one of the most successful parts of the book is that in which the relations of the national and State Governments are set forth. The chronic puzzle of casual observers from Europe is the apparent duplication of government. Mr. Bryce has grasped firmly the distinction between the specifically delegated powers by which the Constitution gives to the Federal Government all the scope that is essential to national action, whether in relation to the world at large, to the States as united, or to each State in relation to the rest. He clearly points out how the residue of all the powers not thus delegated resides still in the several States, and is exercised over the whole domain of the ordinary and local relations of man to man, whether in regard to person or property, or in the preservation of the peace and the punishment of crime. The irrevocability of the national organization and its triumph over the theories of nullification and secession are clearly explained. The local dispersion of governmental power, as typified in the town meeting of New England, of which De Tocqueville made so much, is given its proper importance, and interesting chapters treat of the government of cities and its relation to that of the State, its practical working, and the general view Americans take of the sphere of municipal government proper.

We all know that when the frame of government is described, the work is but half done. "The power behind the throne" is as familiar to Americans as to the rest of the world. The organization of parties is as important a theme, in its way, as that of the Government. Wherever representation, either in the Legislature or in the Administration, is in practice, parties arise, and the control and management of these are hardly second in importance to the responsible direction of the Government itself. No reformer dreams of the abolition of parties. He may hope to see allegiance to party made less blind and unreasoning; he may aim at turning party action into channels which will accomplish something else than a mere scramble for office; he may wish for the time when the local interests of the State or the city may be considered and decided apart from the conflict over national issues: but he sees that parties will still exist, and that party action may

be regarded as a permanent factor in all public business. As the result of his observation, Prof. Bryce has reached the conclusion that party politics, regarded as "the art of winning elections and securing office, has reached in the United States a development surpassing in elaborateness that of England or France, as much as the methods of these countries surpass the methods of Servia or Rumania." With such an opinion, it was natural that he should devote a score of chapters to the consideration of American parties and their phenomena, their use and abuse. The normal and healthful action of parties is considered, with their effect upon the decision of political questions, both directly through the determination of issues submitted to vote, and indirectly by the election of men to office. The abnormal and baneful action of these parties is traced in the construction of the "machine" by which selfish ends of personal power or profit are substituted for the public good and the determination of great matters of public policy. "Rings" and "bosses" are investigated in their most tempting fields of activity, the great cities, and in their extension upward into national politics. Nominating conventions, also, are part of the working machinery of politics, and the development and management of these have, perhaps, never received so skilful a dissection at the hands of a foreign observer.

Back of all machinery, however, is public opinion, that resultant of multitudinous individual opinions reacting upon each other, which indicates the general wish and will of a people in regard to matters of current interest. Prof. Bryce has reached the conclusion that, as our party machinery is the most elaborate, so public opinion, which makes the fundamental law for parties and connects their aims and methods, is more powerful in the United States than in any other country of the world. In it he finds his strongest reason for hope in our future, because the common sense of a people which is devoted to legal methods and more impatient of anarchy than of any legal wrong, is pretty sure, in the long run, to solve its perplexing problems in a way consistent with the common good. He is not troubled because such a public opinion does not represent the wisdom of the wisest more than the impulse of the most simple. He upholds the truth of "the apparent paradox that when the humbler classes have differed in opinion from the higher, they have often been proved by the event to have been right and their so-called betters wrong." He looks, therefore, with hopefulness to the ultimate action of the American people in the difficult straits that are certainly before them, because they are cool, resolute, self-reliant, patient, and absolutely devoted to a few fundamentals in self-government, which they will apply whenever the necessity arises.

The grim character of some of the problems to be solved is not hidden. The discouraging features of our methods in politics, which make it so easy for corruption to get the upper hand, are drawn with all their hideousness; but many a young American, nerving himself for a courageous fight with these powers of darkness, will take heart of hope when he finds that so able and so judicial an observer of our country's institutions and condition retains strong faith in our future.

This general outline of Mr. Bryce's most important book is given in the hope that it may help create the conviction that no earnest and intelligent American can afford to remain ignorant of it. His education will be incomplete as a preparation for his duties as a citizen if he does not take advantage of the helps to a sound judgment and a noble purpose which are here

given. In another paper may be presented a more detailed criticism of minor points, in which, from the American standpoint, varying lights may be thrown upon some of the author's views.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE SUDAN.

'83 to '87 in the Sudan, with an Account of Sir William Hewett's Mission to King John of Abyssinia. By A. B. Wylde. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1888.

It is a pity that before giving these volumes to the world, the author did not submit his proof-sheets to some one acquainted with the rules of English grammar and the art of treating a subject methodically. Mr. Wylde is a man of intelligence and observation. He evidently had ample means of knowing all that was going on in the Sudan during the eventful years treated of in his book. Unfortunately, his ideas on composition resemble the snakes in Iceland: he has none. His grammar is strange and wonderful. The right use of the relative pronoun is a difficulty which he has still to master. The number of sentences is astonishing which, after a vain struggle with their intricacies, he is obliged to abandon in a ruinous condition. He has, moreover, a very bewildering habit of passing suddenly, without note or comment, from the past tense to the present. This we imagine, is occasioned by shooting into the body of his book copious extracts from his journals in an entirely raw and undigested condition. The perplexity which this causes to his readers is much enhanced by Mr. Wylde's abhorrence of dates. He has, moreover, no sense of the relative importance of things, and chronicles the number of sandgrouse, pigeons, doves, bustards, and other animals which he destroys from day to day with a laborious minuteness that one cannot but wish had been extended to weightier matters. It would also have much increased the lucidity of the book if Mr. Wylde had apprised his readers of the nature of his official position. Probably he is so great a man at Suakim and Massowah that he thought this to be needless; but, as Philip Van Artevelde observes, "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." Now, had he submitted his proofs to a friend possessed of a little literary judgment and aptitude, all this would have been remedied, and we should have had a book possessing three or four times the value of what we have actually got. None the less, even as it stands, it is, so far as we know, the best that has been published on the Sudan since the British intervention in Egypt. It is, indeed, the first and only book which makes the internal troubles of that distracted country in any degree intelligible to outsiders. A sadder and more painful story it has seldom been our ill fortune to read.

When the Gladstone Cabinet determined to send an army to Egypt for the forcible suppression of Arabi Pasha and his party, they were inwardly conscious that it was a proceeding which, had it been adopted by a Conservative Ministry, they (the Cabinet) would have denounced from the platforms of all the railway stations in Great Britain. Consequently, they were nervously anxious to convince themselves that the after effects of their intervention were limited to a narrow and clearly defined area. Arabi being put down and sent away to Ceylon, everything, they insisted, must go on precisely as if Alexandria had not been bombarded or the battle of Tel el-Kebir been fought. Especially were they determined not to be bothered about the Sudan. It was a long way off, it lay far outside the limits of

their intervention, and it was a device of the enemy, for the purpose of discrediting their Egyptian policy, to pretend that they were, or ever could be, responsible for the internal condition of the Sudan. It is amazing that a company of such able men as Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues could have thought to escape the consequences of their own action by this infatuated imitation of the policy of the ostrich; but it is a fact which cannot be denied, and the torrents of blood uselessly shed in the Sudan—the misery, desolation, and barbarism which have revelled there unchecked during the last five years—are directly owing to it.

Mr. Wylde's picture of Egyptian rule in the Sudan is identical with that drawn by Gen. Gordon and, indeed, every European who had an opportunity of witnessing it. It was not government at all, but oppression, pillage, and cruelty of the worst kind. During Gen. Gordon's term of office, according to Mr. Wylde, there was a marvellous transformation; but the very energy and success with which he struck at the evil-doers became a cause of the insurrection which had already shattered the authority of the Egyptian Government when Lord Wolseley landed his troops at Zagazig. The plundering and lawless officials whom Gordon chased out of the Sudan collected at Cairo, and became the nucleus of the party which, in the end, procured his removal from the Government. They imagined that, Gordon once got rid of, the Government of the province would quickly recover the character it had before his coming; but Gordon's vigorous and equitable administration had awakened in the Sudanese a sense of their rights as men—a determination no longer to submit passively to whatever their Egyptian oppressors chose to inflict upon them. Consequently, when the Mahdi appeared, he made his appeal to a population already ripe for revolt. The Cairo authorities, who had vainly endeavored to suppress this movement before British intervention, were, of course, doubly incapable of doing so after the destruction of their army at Tel el-Kebir. It was, in fact, manifest even at that time that for Egypt, as regards the Sudan, there was no alternative to a policy of evacuation; and if the British Government had had the courage of its position in Cairo, the withdrawal might have been accomplished without loss of life, and with no interruption of legitimate trade. Instead of this, the British Government attempted to carry through the absurd and impossible policy of treating the Khedive as a puppet in Egypt proper, but as a powerful and independent sovereign in the Sudan. In that part of his possessions in which he still retained some degree of authority, he was accounted to have none; in that part where his power was broken past all hope of recovery, he was accounted as supreme. A policy thus deliberately founding itself upon a gross and palpable fiction could but result in defeat and confusion.

The Cairo Government took advantage of the liberty accorded to it to send Gen. Hicks and 10,000 men right away to Dafur. These the Mahdi destroyed to a man at a place called Melbeis. The Cairo Government then made a second and notable effort. They sent out into the highways and hedges, seized upon a number of the fellaheen, loaded them with chains, and sent them, strongly escorted by police, to Suakim, to see what these heroes could do against the Arabs of the eastern Sudan. All that they could do was to run with precipitation; and the Arabs, being superior in swiftness, killed about 3,000 of the miserable creatures. The British Government then roused itself to do what Mr. Gladstone described at the time

as "a small service to humanity." This consisted in sending a British force under Gen. Graham to Suakim which fought the Arabs at El-Tebe, and again at Tamaai, losing heavily upon both occasions, but inflicting enormous losses upon the brave but ill-armed enemies opposed to it. Having rendered this "small service to humanity," the British troops took to their ships and disappeared from the scene.

Up to this time, according to Mr. Wylde, the people of this part of the Sudan had no knowledge of the English except such as was to be obtained from the few Englishmen who came into their country from time to time in search of game. An observation of their habits had satisfied the tribesmen that they were mostly mad; for, after going to an immense deal of labor and expense to shoot deer and gazelle, they neither sold nor ate the flesh of these animals, but gave it away; neither did they make bottles or other vessels out of the skins, and the only part of the animal for which they manifested any care was the horns. This presumption of British insanity was transformed into a fixed conviction by the extraordinary conduct of Gen. Graham and his troops. As neither the Arabs, nor, for the matter of that, any one else, could discover what advantage to themselves the British expected to derive from what they had done, they supposed them to be a race of fighting maniacs, in the pay of the Egyptian Government. Their brief stay and swift disappearance they accounted for by setting them down as a species of marine animal, which could not live, except for brief periods of time, away from their ships.

This first expedition to Suakim was typical of British policy in the Sudan from 1883 until 1888, if indeed it can be called a policy. So far as the Sudanese are concerned, it has literally consisted in nothing but in making periodical descents among them, either in person or by proxy, killing several thousands of them, and then disappearing into space. When the British have not acted in person, they have got the Abyssinians to do it, or certain tribes, known as "the friendlies," who, in consideration of payment received, have undertaken to make raids and attacks upon other tribes. The issue of this policy has been an amount of bloodshed, misery, and devastation quite frightful to contemplate. The eastern and northern parts of the Sudan have become a huge charnel-house, in which thousands of Arabs, Abyssinians, Egyptians, and British have perished in sanguinary battles, fought without any definite aim, and leading to no results. The pages of Mr. Wylde's book teem with these horrors. As a solitary example, we give his description of Osman Digna's camp at Tamaai, after a successful attack upon it by "the friendlies."

"I arrived at Tamaai a little before dusk, and a great deal too late to make a thorough look round. I had seen quite enough ghastly sights, however, on entering, and I shall never forget as long as I live the night I spent at Tamaai, with its attending miseries. Talk about abject pictures of despair, the terrors of the infernal regions, and other horrors! I never could have imagined a more terrible sight than what was before me at Tamaai. . . . Sleep was out of the question: around me the cries of wailing women lamenting the loss of their friends; little children, walking skeletons, crying for food and water; within ten yards of me a wretched little boy of about eight years old, groaning and in delirium of fever; his little frame torn every now and then with a hacking cough, past all human aid. . . . His was only one case of many, and the night I was there eleven women and children died. I sat up nearly the whole night, talking, and not a person that I had any conversation with but said they never wished to see such misery again. It was even bad enough to move an Arab to pity, and

that is saying a great deal. There had been but little fighting; the garrison were a great deal too weak to defend themselves, and, after the first rush of the attacking tribesmen, which was met by a volley from the defenders, everything was over except the cold-blooded butchery that ensued. Little or no quarter was given to the men; many women were also killed. . . . Three deep wells had been entirely filled with the bodies of those killed and massacred, and round these wells were crowds of horrid vultures, with their wings spread out and their beaks open, gorged with the feast that they had been making off the protruding limbs of the slain."

Since 1883, whenever a British soldier has entered the Sudan, this is the ghastly legacy which he has left behind as a memorial of his presence. Not that the unfortunate soldier is to blame; he, together with hundreds of his comrades, have had to pay with their lives for the want of courage, of foresight, of reasoned purpose and end in the counsels of Cabinet Ministers at home. And, despite all the blood that has been shed, the future of the Sudan is a problem no nearer solution at the beginning of 1889 than it was in the spring of 1883. It is idle to pretend, as the Ministry and Parliament of Great Britain try to make believe, that the Power which rules in Egypt can wash its hands of all responsibility for what is going on in the Sudan. The action of Great Britain in that very province, ever since her troops entered Cairo, demonstrates the impracticability of any such policy, and sooner or later her leading politicians will be compelled to undertake the pacification of the Sudan. This task, easy enough in 1883, has grown, from long neglect, into a difficulty of the first magnitude. It constitutes a very important part of that great "African question" which Europe is being called upon to settle with ever-increasing urgency, and for the understanding of which we know, notwithstanding their many and great defects, no better guide than these volumes of Mr. Wylde.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.

Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. Gerard. Harper & Bros. 1888.

MADAM EMILY DE LASZOWSKA-GERARD is the English wife of a Polish officer in the Austrian service, who has had the fate common to his colleagues of being often suddenly transferred from one distant part of the Empire to another. Most families curse their luck at being subjected to the trouble and expense of these sudden removals. Mme. Gerard, however, liked the chance of seeing different parts of the country, and laments only the hardship of the poor boys who are obliged to conform to the most opposite requirements of utterly different systems of education; and the question of education in Austria-Hungary is in "a provoking and unsatisfactory" state:

"Thus, the son of an officer," she says, "serving in the Austrian Army may be obliged to study half-a-dozen different languages (in addition to Latin, Greek, German, and French) during a hardly greater number of years. He must learn Italian because his father is serving at Trieste, and may be getting on fairly well with that language when he is abruptly called upon to change it for Polish, since Cracow is henceforth the town where he is to pursue his studies. But hardly has he got familiar with the soft Slav tongue when, ten to one, his accent will be ruined for life by an untimely transition to Bohemia, where the hideous Czech has become *de rigueur*. Slavonian and Ruthenian may very likely have their turn at the unfortunate infant before he has attained the age of twelve, unless the distracted father be reduced to sacrifice his military career to the education of his son.

"It is not of our own individual case that I would speak thus strongly, for our boys, being

burdened with only seven languages (to wit, Polish, English, German, French, Greek, Latin, and Hungarian) would scarcely be counted ill-used, as Austrian boys go, having escaped Bohemian, Slavonian, Ruthenian, and Italian; yet assuredly to us it was a very happy day indeed when we made a bonfire of the Magyar school-books, and ceased quaking at sight of the formidable individual who taught Hungarian at the Hermanstadt Gymnasium.

"O happy English schoolboys, you know not how much you have to be thankful for!—your own noble language, adorned with a superficial layer of Greek and Latin, and at most supplemented by a little atrocious French, being sufficient to set you up for life. Think of those others who are pining in a complicated network of Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, Slavonian, Italian, Croatian, and Ruthenian fetters; think of them, and drop a sympathizing tear over their mournful lot."

When we read Mme. Gerard's charming novel, 'The Waters of Hercules,' with its excellent descriptions of the savage scenery of the gorge at Mehadia, and of the Rumanian, Servian, Magyar, and cosmopolitan society which frequents that bathing-place, we hoped that the author would some day give us an account of the lovely and interesting Transylvania—the Land beyond the Forest—which lay only the other side of the mountain ridge of the gorge, and yet, owing to roads, railways, and mountain passes, was so difficult to reach. We had hoped, too, that her book would be in the form of a novel, which, when written with a pen so skilled as hers, is such a pleasing way of making acquaintance with a new country and its people, or of reviving the recollections of a place which has left agreeable memories. In the present volume, however, there is so much information as well as so much entertainment that we will not complain of the form.

The novel just spoken of was not read with such pleasure at Bucharest, where patriotic Rumanians thought injustice had been done to their compatriots, and especially to their officials. Full atonement has been made now; for the author has studied Rumanians with care and sympathy, and, out of the number of races that make up the motley population of Transylvania, evidently prefers the long-despised Rumans—the Wallachs, as they were contemptuously called—to the Saxons, "with their wooden, Noah's-ark faces," who consider themselves the lords of the country. A popular legend will give us, in a humorous way, some of the national characteristics:

"When God had decreed to banish Adam and Eve from Paradise because they had sinned against his laws, he first deputed his Hungarian angel Gabor (Gabriel) to chase them out of the Garden of Eden. But Adam and Eve were already wise, for they had eaten of the fruit of knowledge; so they resolved to conciliate the angel by putting good cheer before him, and inviting him to partake of it. In truth, the angel ate and drank heartily of the good things on the table, and, after having eaten, he had not the heart to repay his kind hosts for their hospitality by chasing them out of Paradise, so he returned to Heaven without having executed his commission, and begged the Lord to send another in his place, for he could not do it.

"Then God sent the Wallachian angel Florian, thinking he was less fine-feeling and would execute the mission better. Adam and Eve were sitting at the table when the servant of the Lord entered, shod in leather *opintschen* (sandals) and with fur cap under his arm. After humbly saluting, he told his errand. But Adam, on seeing the appearance of this messenger, felt no more fear, and asked roughly, 'Hast brought no written warrant with thee?' At this the angel Florian began to tremble, turned around on the spot, and went back to Heaven.

"Then the Lord became angry, and sent down the German Archangel Michael. Adam and Eve were mightily terrified on seeing him, but resolved to do their best to soften his heart; so they prepared for him a sumptuous meal of

his favorite dishes—ham sausage, pickled sauerkraut, beer, wine, and sweet mead. The German angel was highly pleased, and played such a good knife and fork that Adam and Eve began to feel light of heart again. But hardly had the Archangel eaten his fill when, rising from the table, he swung his flaming sword overhead, and thundered forth to his terrified hosts, 'Now pack yourselves off!' In vain did our first parents beg and sue for mercy; nothing served to touch the heart of the inflexible German angel, who, without further ado, drove them both out of Paradise."

In this legend the Rumanian does not appear as possessing a strong and independent character; but this is but natural after centuries of slavery and oppression. The Rumanian peasantry and middle classes—and there are no Rumanian gentry in Transylvania—have not, even now that they are free, attained to the full consciousness of their dignity as freemen. Indeed, it is by their past history that very many of the faults of the Rumanian character are to be explained. The Rumanians were, until 1848, practically slaves; up to the middle of the last century, Rumanians were forbidden to attend German or Hungarian schools, and their clergy were obliged to carry the Calvinistic Bishop on their shoulders to and from his church, whenever he chose to demand it. This latter was sentimentally not such a hardship as it seems; for Calvinists, Catholics, and Mussulmans alike are regarded by Rumanian peasants simply as heathens and pagans. "They are not of our law," they say.

This use of the word "law" seems to point to the old distinction between Romans and Barbarians, and to hint at that Roman descent of which they are so proud. Argue as we may, and think as we do, that any great infusion of Latin blood is highly improbable, yet the language is clearly Latin, and Rumanian faces still have Roman features clearly cut, such as are seen on old busts, bas-reliefs, and cameos. There is a singular tenacity of race very obvious among the Rumanians of the present, which may show how "a little leaven can leaven a whole lump." Mme. Gerard expresses very well the consequences of this tenacity of race, and we can only add that the same is perfectly true in Russia, Bulgaria, and Servia, and even in those districts of Macedonia and Thessaly where this race has taken root.

"Few races possess in such a marked degree the blind and immovable sense of nationality which characterizes the Rumanians: they hardly ever mingle with the surrounding races, far less adopt manners and customs foreign to their own; and it is a remarkable fact that the seemingly stronger-minded and more manly Hungarians are absolutely powerless to influence them even in cases of intermarriage. Thus the Hungarian woman who weds a Rumanian husband will necessarily adopt the dress and manners of his people, and her children will be as good Rumanians as though they had no drop of Magyar blood in their veins; while the Magyar who takes a Rumanian girl for his wife will not only fail to convert her to his ideas, but himself, subdued by her influence, will imperceptibly begin to lose his nationality. This is a fact well known and much lamented by the Hungarians themselves, who live in anticipated apprehension of seeing their people ultimately dissolving into Rumanians. This singular tenacity of the Rumanians to their own manners and customs is doubtless due to the influence of their religion, which teaches them that any deviation from their own established rules is sinful—which, as I have said before, is the whole pivot of Rumanian thought and action."

"In some districts, where an attempt was made in the time of Maria Theresa to replace the Greek popas by other clergymen belonging to the united faith, the inhabitants simply absented themselves from all church attendance or reception of the sacraments; and there are instances on record of villages whose churches remained closed for over thirty years, because the people could not be induced to accept the change."

The Rumanian folk-tales have already been given to us in English dress, but nowhere that we know, excepting in the original Rumanian, is there such an excellent anthology of Rumanian folk-lore, superstition, and proverbs as in this book. A similar remark might be made about the folk-lore of the Saxons, who, separated from their German brethren by an isolation of centuries, have preserved very many beliefs uncontaminated by the influences of modern civilization. These Transylvanian Germans still have remnants of the old Norse mythology. Not only do they believe in were-wolves and witches (the last witch was found at Maros-Vasarhely in 1752), but not long ago a Saxon woman bitterly complained in a court of justice that her husband had cursed her overstrongly in saying "Der Wärlthandg saul dich frieszen!" literally "May the world-dog swallow thee!" These Saxons, except for their folk-lore, are an uninteresting lot. They are cleanly, economical, God-fearing, selfish, inhospitable, and wooden. The author has evidently much more sympathy and affection for the gypsies or Tsigani; but we rather hold to the opinion of Liszt that none but an Hungarian can really understand and appreciate gypsies and especially gypsy music; and there is an old proverb which says: "The Hungarian only requires a gypsy fiddler and a glass of water in order to make him quite drunk." The Westerner who remains any time in Hungary must be gifted with an especially Oriental taste, if after a time he can repress a shudder when he enters a restaurant or beer-garden, and hears the harmonious see-saw chaos of the gypsy bands with which these establishments are always infested.

But two or three pages are devoted to the Armenians, that interesting colony which, like the Jews in some other countries, has got all the banking business of the province into its hands; and almost nothing is said of the Hungarians, as they have been so fully described elsewhere. As the author's residence was, except for some short excursions, confined to the city of Hermanstadt, she has little to say about the Szeklers, those "cut-off" Hungarians who live in eastern Transylvania on the slopes of the Carpathians; yet this is one of the most interesting regions for the tourist, not only for its wild mountain scenery, but for its sport and for the healing wells and springs and mineral waters endowed with every possible chemical element. There are even fissures in the rocks where water trickles forth supposed to be good for eye diseases, but where the blast of carbonic oxide (or acid) gas is so strong as to afford an almost instantaneous remedy to disappointed lovers, whose bodies are not infrequently found lying at the foot of the rock.

With all its charms, Transylvania is not a country to be entered by the traveller without forethought. Hungarian inns are generally bad; although one can eat for awhile *gulasch* and *paprika-huhn*, yet one soon gets tired of the various mixtures of pepper and tomato which form the essence of Hungarian cookery. The wines are good but strong, and should be drunk freely mixed with mineral water, as is the custom among the natives. The hotels at Hermanstadt and Kronstadt leave much to be desired in the way of comfort and cleanliness; at the numerous mineral springs and baths the abodes are mere wooden shanties; and further on, one must rough it. Yet, in spite of all these material drawbacks, after reading Mme. Gerard's book one longs to return to that beautiful country, even when one knows, after two months' experience of Kronstadt in summer, how dreadfully dull even Hermanstadt might be in winter.

KENDALL'S KINSHIP OF MEN.

The Kinship of Men: An Argument for Pedigrees; or, Genealogy Viewed as a Science. By Henry Kendall. Boston: Cupples & Hurd, 1888. Sm. 8vo, pp. 216.

THIS absurd little book is the work of an Englishman, and it is stated to be the enlargement of a magazine article. The author maintains that no one has hitherto dealt with the subject as he has done, although some have blindly stumbled on a portion of the truth. It may be so, for certainly no one will be disposed to dispute with him the merit of a puzzle-headed collocation of figures without meaning. His intellect and his methods are akin to those of the seekers for perpetual motion or the mode of squaring the circle. His hobbies are, first, that all people are akin to each other, meaning literally that every man can trace through some line of ancestry to a progenitor common to him and every other man in his nation or community; secondly, that the system of giving any special importance to the male line of ancestry is an error, both in fact and in theory.

Mr. Kendall, at some period in his career as a great original thinker, awoke to the fact that as a man has two parents, four grandparents, eight in the next degree, and so onward, he could figure out that in the twentieth generation he had 1,048,576 ancestors, and in the thirty-second degree he had 4,294,967,296. At this point, overcome perhaps by the difficult mathematical calculation, he paused to deduce various theories and laws from the result. He found that twenty generations, or seven centuries, brought him to the date of the conquest of England. His number of ancestors was equal to the population of England; hence they were identical. Moreover, every other living Englishman, with a lead pencil in hand, could make the same calculation with the same result; the necessary conclusion was, that all living Englishmen are cousins in at least the twentieth degree.

Fired with this unexpected and truly inspiring revelation, Mr. Kendall has beaten out his gold over a relatively large surface, and has attempted to fortify his position by various diagrams and columns of figures, all of which, however, add nothing to his original discovery. They are at best but melancholy evidences of the tenderness which he has felt for his intellectual bantling. His reasoning is unsound besides being directly contradicted by history. The plain fact is, that his tables merely show the *greatest* number of ancestors a man could have. In eight generations this number is 256. But the least number which an animal can have is two in each generation, and the least that any man requires is four in each generation after the first.

That is to say, with beasts, if one pair have issue a male and female, and these reproduce with like issue, the breed may last indefinitely, yet with only two examples in each generation. In mankind, civilized mankind at least, the intermarriage of first cousins is allowed. If, therefore, two pair exist at any one date, so long as each marriage produces one male and one female, there will be in each generation two pair of first cousins, legally qualified to mate and continue the race. This is absolutely all that is required. Instead of 256 ancestors in the eighth generation, the man of to-day requires only four ancestors in that degree, to have an ancestry free from intermarriage within the forbidden degrees.

But if in any generation we assume the existence in any locality of more than two pairs, say twenty or fifty married couples and if we

allow them in some instances more than two children to a marriage, we have a provision for the continuance of a race for many generations, and of very varied numbers in each generation. Some children may have died without issue, families may have been large in one generation and small in another; but there is nothing in natural laws that necessitates any regular ratio of increase or decrease, except, as above stated, that every man and woman alive to-day must have had two parents in each generation, and ought to have had four ancestors after the second generation in each step backward.

Reason, therefore, disposes entirely of Mr. Kendall's absurd logic. History, so far as we know, entirely confirms this. It is not only possible for a race to continue for many generations without admixture of foreign blood, but such has been the rule and not the exception. All traditions older than the most ancient records point to the establishment of races or clans, having one progenitor, and preserving as carefully as possible the integrity of the strain. To come to more recent times, we find in England a race, or portions of several races, Angles, Saxons, Celts, and Danes; the result has not been any thorough mixture, but every county has preserved a marked individuality. The Welshman, the Yorkshire man, and the Kentish man do not find a common ancestor at the date of the recolonization of the island. The Highlander of Scotland is, during the historic period, as distinct from the Englishman in blood as in language.

New Englanders can give Mr. Kendall many facts which would teach him to modify his wild theories. Their history covers nearly the whole period during which pedigrees can be traced. An infinitesimal portion only of the Englishmen of to-day can trace their ancestry beyond 1630, because the parish records in England do not exist, and, in fact, were kept only for two generations before that date. Even for the time since 1630, the facilities for tracing the pedigrees of the common people in England are much less than they are here. But in New England we find little communities established, and we can see just what law has governed their growth. The result is, that in one of these towns the population increased, but the intermarriages were mainly confined to the people of the town; and at the present time nearly all of the inhabitants are connected by blood, and trace back to the few original colonists. But a few miles away a similar community has flourished, and the groups remain entirely distinct. There is no chance for doubt, because the records remain and thousands of people can trace out their ancestry on each ascending line up to the first-settlers.

What has taken place there for two centuries took place in England for two, four, or six centuries prior to 1600. Each hamlet there was the centre of a race so long as that race continued; but it was not mixed often with any adjoining race, and never with any remote race. Instead of the vast intermingling of lines in the person of each man now living, which is Mr. Kendall's preposterous surmise, the fact is that no two men, excepting brothers, will possess the same ratio of admixture. In one man whose ancestors have dwelt for five or six centuries in one village, the distinct lines would be very few and often crossed. Another man may possess some approximation to Mr. Kendall's idea, and double the lines in nearly every generation; but this calls for an incredible amount of wandering and wedding, entirely beyond the capability of the poorer classes in early times. Still, in every case, nothing must be taken on surmise;

but when the evidence fails, the theorist must strike out the example.

Mr. Kendall makes this wild statement:

"That every Englishman has descended, not only from the Conqueror, but from each of his sixty thousand companions that is still represented by anybody in the land, aye, and from several sixty thousands of Anglo-Saxons besides who were living at the same time, is precisely what is here affirmed, and, it is hoped, made sufficiently clear."

The answer to this is obvious. The greater portion of the lineal descendants of William the Conqueror are recorded. The male lines of course are known. Some of the female lines have probably fallen into obscurity, but a fair conclusion would be that those unknown lines terminated as often as the recognized ones did. Hence we can, with a little trouble, work out the problem, and we shall find that instead of forty millions of descendants, there are at most but a few thousands. Moreover, we must allow that there has always been a tendency in England, since the Norman Conquest, to maintain caste distinctions, especially in marriages. The nobles married in their own rank, and though occasionally, especially in female lines, the rule has been relaxed, the descent has been very gradual. This tendency is exactly paralleled by the restrictions forced upon the lower classes by poverty and restriction of habitat. The serfs around the castle intermarried and kept the race alive. Occasionally, we will allow, the blood of a king filtered through the rank of the higher nobility, thence to the lower nobility, the gentry, the yeomen, the laborers, even to the lowest degree; but it is for the person who claims that such descent occurred to prove its existence and its extent. Wherever it occurred, it affected only one locality or race, and innumerable other races have continued to the present day untouched thereby. In fact, the error of Mr. Kendall's theory lies in one word: he says that every Englishman to-day is descended from *every* Englishman living in A.D. 1100 who has descendants now. The word "every" is wrong. The truth is, that every Englishman is probably descended from one Englishman, or more, who was alive in A.D. 1100; but no one knows how many of such progenitors he had, and the number probably varies in each case.

As to Mr. Kendall's second hobby, that it is absurd to trace pedigrees only in the male line, or to suppose that the paternal grandfather in the eighth degree represents more than one two hundred and fifty-sixth part of the man of to-day, there is a possible truth and a palpable fallacy therein. Pedigrees are traced and names are assumed for convenience in identifying persons. If the name was to show the ancestry, each of the 256 lines would claim a word or a syllable. Therefore some selection must be made, and naturally either the male or the female line must be chosen exclusively. A man or woman is named by his father's surname, and he by his father's, and so on, as far as we can trace. The other alternative would be to trace exclusively through the female line—that is, the husband instead of the wife would lose his surname at marriage, and the mother's name would descend to her posterity. But this selection ignores all but one line out of the 256 as much as our present system does, and is no more scientific.

Yet there is some strong ground for our present custom, viz., the natural desire to trace by the ruling side. When women occupy the inferior place which they do in barbarous communities, the son clings to his father as his protector and benefactor. Hence he desires to be known as the son of his father, and transmits

the tradition to later generations. Moreover, the physical resemblance between two men leads the father to feel that a son is nearer to him than a daughter. The son can take the father's place, and, as all descendants cannot be equally designated, the selection of the male line is easily understood.

Mr. Kendall, however, opens up a line of thought which has never been fully traced out when he argues that each of a man's progenitors, not only is essential to his existence, which is a truism, but also has contributed equally to make him what he is. The first statement is a mere platitude: everything that has been is essential to whatever is. The second may admit of doubt, and it lies at the foundation of the doctrine of heredity. Is it true or not that each of a man's eight great-grandparents contribute equally to make him what he is, bodily and mentally? Or, more briefly, does a man derive his body and mind equally from his father and his mother? Is it not evident that if any type is perpetuated, one side or the other must greatly preponderate? In mankind, if this be true, does not the preponderance vary in different cases, and can we yet discern either the facts or the law governing them? These questions are settled off-hand by Mr. Kendall, but what say the authorities? The most that we can feel warranted in saying is, that the common belief seems to be that the paternal line is the stronger, and is most frequently perpetuated, but that exceptions are numerous. Perhaps it would be fair to allow that different races or families vary, and that the influence of a female of some stock may predominate over that of the male of another stock. In subsequent crossings, indeed, this female line may finally overcome all others, and a man may reproduce, not the image of his paternal ancestor, but of the father of some one in some line of maternal ancestry. In other words, if he have in some generation 256 ancestors, he may most strongly resemble one to whom his relationship is traced neither solely by the male nor by the female line. But this is an idle suggestion, since if we could collect the evidence of the fact, we could not apply the knowledge to any purpose to affect the character of our progeny.

Mr. Kendall calls his work 'Genealogy Viewed as a Science.' For the present, that science will continue to be the mere collection of facts to gratify a certain feeling of pride or affection towards one's relatives within certain narrow limits. The idea that Mr. Kendall's unfounded pretence that all living men are allied in blood is to lead to a millennium, is too preposterous to consider. He throws it in as a moral tag to his essay. It is safe to say that the knowledge by A that he is a cousin in the twentieth degree to B will in no way affect his action towards B. The ties of family are largely sentimental, and perhaps less strong than writers usually assume. Like all other feelings, this one is strong or weak in different persons. But Mr. Kendall will not regenerate mankind by the watchword of universal cousinship.

This book would be utterly unworthy of notice but for the fact that the author has so elaborated his story that some readers might think there must be a basis somewhere. A very little examination, however, will show, as usual, that what is new is false and what is true is old, very old. Mankind can continue to transmit family names exclusively in the male lines, can count up only such cousins as the subject pleases, and may decline to recognize any neighbor as a relative without documentary proof, just as if Mr. Kendall had never muddled his intellect in confounding remote possibilities with unvarying necessities.

OLIVIER RAYET.

Études d'Archéologie et d'Art. Par Olivier Rayet, Professeur d'Archéologie à la Bibliothèque Nationale. Réunies et publiées, avec une notice biographique sur l'auteur, par Salomon Reinach. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1888. 8vo., pp. xvi and 462.

IN the death of Olivier Rayet, which occurred in February, 1887, France lost one of the most brilliant archaeologists her School in Athens has yet produced. It has, to be sure, trained men of more profound minds, and men whose original contributions to the science of archaeology have been more valuable; but there are few, even in France, whose sympathy for Greek art has been so sensitive, and whose power of imparting their appreciation of it to others has been so great. It is impossible to read his writings without catching his enthusiasm for his subject, and without admiring the exquisite discrimination with which that enthusiasm is tempered. Although not forty years old when he died, he had made himself a name that is familiar wherever there is any interest in Greek art, not only in the narrow circle of specialists, but equally among artists, collectors, and dilettants; and in his short career had attained the highest honors to which the French scholar can aspire, having succeeded Beulé and Fr. Lenormant in the Chair of Archaeology at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and Foucart at the Collège de France. Although a victim of malaria, which he contracted in the early part of his career, his energy was equal to his ambition, so that in addition to his duties as lecturer and editor of the antique department of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, he edited the most beautiful work on Greek sculpture we possess, his 'Monuments de l'Art Antique,' a great part of which he wrote himself; he began a history of Greek ceramics, which was completed after his death by his younger colleague, M. Collignon (see *Nation* No. 1213); and when his last illness overtook him, he was preparing a volume on Miletos, (where he had conducted an archaeological campaign), a work on the topography of Athens, and a history of Greek sculpture. Besides these, the miscellaneous essays and studies he has left are sufficient to fill two volumes, the first of which is now before us.

Rayet was born at Cairou, in the south of France, September 23, 1847. To his southern origin he undoubtedly owed the impetuosity as well as the enthusiasm which often characterized his writings. He was educated in Paris, first in the Lycée Bonaparte, then in the École Normale, from which he graduated in 1869 as *premier agrégé* in history. This honor entitled him to become a member of the French School at Athens, an opportunity which he improved, although, as M. Reinach informs us in the sympathetic notice which precedes these *Études*, he was neither archaeologist nor epigraphist at the time. Rome was then more interesting to him than Athens, and history more than archaeology. Leaving Paris the year of his graduation, he went first to Italy, and was brought face to face with Greek remains in Pæstum and Sicily, whence he went to Athens. The next year seems to have been divided between Greece itself and the shores of Asia Minor. He was fortunate in being at hand when the first discoveries of terra-cottas at Tanagra were announced in Athens, and his fine artistic perception showed him the value of this hitherto neglected side of Greek art long before the fame of these figurines spread through Europe. To this circumstance is due the fact that the Louvre now possesses the finest collection of Tanagras in the world. Rayet bought them

when they were first offered in the market, and before the dealers had discovered that it was worth while to counterfeit them. Collector as well as student, he became familiar with the methods and the devices of dealers and clandestine excavators to an extent which is impossible to-day, and was then to all but a very few; and consequently two of his most valuable papers are the essay on the 'Figurines de Tanagra au Louvre' ('*Études*,' pp. 275-324), and that which accompanies plate 77 of the 'Monuments,' in which his account of the first excavations at Tanagra has, as Reinach says, all the value of an original deposition.

While on a trip through Asia Minor, in the summer of 1870, news of the Franco-Prussian war reached him and carried him back to France, where he took some part in the latter portion of the war. His work was thus interrupted until the spring of the following year, from which time until his death he devoted himself to Greek art and archaeology. Returning to Athens, he contributed a number of studies to the *Bulletin* of his School. In 1872 he was able to undertake a scheme which he had cherished since his first visit to Asia Minor, and to gratify the natural instinct of every archaeologist—the passion to excavate. The opportunity to do this he owed to M. Gustave and Edmond de Rothschild, whose acquaintance he made that year, and whom he so interested in Miletos as a promising site for excavation that he was charged by them with a commission to investigate the place at their expense. The history of the undertaking is comprised in two of the most interesting essays in this volume of 'Études,' in which, with admirable taste and graphic pen, he has set forth the vexations and hardships which counterbalance the pleasures and triumphs of archaeological field-work. To those who wish to form an idea of the perseverance, the courage, and the energy, not less than the knowledge, required for this kind of work, these two essays may be especially commended.

In spite of all the qualities which Rayet, aided by the architect M. Albert Thomas, brought to the work, this campaign cannot be regarded as one of the most successful parts of his career. A number of fine architectural fragments were brought to light, though as a whole not to be compared with the discoveries at Ephesus, which Rayet doubtless hoped to emulate; and enough of the lines of the building were uncovered to enable M. Thomas to make a restoration of it. But the difficulties of bringing their task to anything like a successful completion were insuperable, and in the following summer (1873) they returned to France. Rayet, who had caught the fever of the country, carried away with him, as his most important trophy of the campaign, the germs of the disease which tormented the last years of his life, and caused his premature end. For the next ten years his time and energy were taken up with the literary and professional labors we have described, until, shortly after his appointment as professor at the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1884, he was obliged to give up all work, and yield to the physical exhaustion in which he passed the last two years of his life. Brief as was his career, he has left behind him a record of which a much older man might well be proud, and the excellence of what he had already accomplished renders so much the keener our regret that his life should have been cut off in the first flower of its maturity.

Rayet's greatest ability was as a popularizer and critic of the work of others, rather than as an original investigator; for although a thorough scholar and a careful worker, his

original theories were often of an extreme character, and, ingeniously supported as they were, have usually failed of general acceptance. On the other hand, gifted, as we have said, with extreme artistic sensitiveness, and a thorough master of that style which makes French prose the most delightful reading in the world, few men have equalled him in analyzing the beauties of Greek art, and placing them in their true light before readers who are not archæologists. It is in the artistic side of the science of archæology that the French school has always surpassed the German, for the reason that no modern race has such close sympathy with the artistic instincts of the Greeks; and in this characteristic of his countrymen Rayet was preëminent.

This being the case, these 'Études' show him at his best. They are a collection of occasional essays which have appeared before, most of them in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. We have referred above to two of them—those on the Tanagra Figurines in the Louvre, and the Temple of Apollo at Miletos. With regard to the latter, it is to be regretted that some reproductions of M. Thomas's drawings and restorations could not have been inserted in the volume, since the essay was written to describe these when they were exhibited at the Salon, and without them it is difficult to follow the description. Of the other essays we cannot speak at length, but there are two which we may recommend especially. That on "Les Antiques de St.-Petersbourg" contains the best description we know of the marvellous collection of Greek jewelry and ceramics found in the Crimea, of which it is not too much to say that, were all the other museums in the world to select their finest specimens of these arts, they could not make up its equal for beauty; yet in its present abode it is almost as unappreciated by the world at large as before it was brought to light. Finally, the essay on "Les Antiques au Musée de Berlin" contains (pp. 261-267) what seems to us the finest criticism of the Pergamenean sculptures that has yet appeared. In these few pages the brilliancy of his style and the acuteness of his judgment are displayed at their best; and there is perhaps no paragraph in the book that shows these characteristic qualities better than that in which he summarizes the Laocoön as "un acteur qui étudie son rôle, et cherche devant sa glace l'effet que produit la contraction de son visage." What would Winckelmann and the men of his time have thought of such heresy?

Forging His Chains. The Autobiography of George Bidwell. New York: George Bidwell, 124 Nassau Street. 1888.

In one of his inimitable character sketches the late Artemus Ward describes his hero as having been in early life "engaged in business as a malefactor in western New York," and the description applies accurately to the writer of this volume. With sufficient ability to earn an honest living, he preferred to devote himself to the systematic practice of fraud, simply because it seemed to be the easiest way of making money. Even after he had secured a competence by his crimes, and might have retired with the praise accorded by mankind to those who do well to themselves, he continued to steal until justice put a sudden and permanent restraint upon his operations. He was sentenced for life on account of a series of gigantic forgeries perpetrated upon the Bank of England, and, having succeeded after fourteen years of incarceration in procuring his release on a ticket-of-leave, he is now endeavoring to earn a little money honestly by the sale

of this book. As his punishment seems to have been both severe and efficacious, we feel justified in commending the work to whom it may concern as interesting and instructive.

We do not feel disposed, however, to concur with the reverend chaplain of a New Jersey penitentiary in commending it to the Presbytery of Jersey City, or—but for its size—to all Sunday-schools. We are aware that the lives of deceased saints are not generally found so edifying as they ought to be, and that there has been a good deal of wit—somewhat cheap wit, it is true—expended upon the memoirs of good little boys who died young; we will even admit with Mr. Augustine Birrell that the life of a rogue like Cellini has irresistible charms: but we think that even the ordinary Sunday-school book might be preferable for boys and girls to the biographies of repentant rascals. Conceding the natural depravity of the human heart, we apprehend that it may better be corrected by the atmosphere of virtue than by the exhibition of examples of even unsuccessful vice. The lives of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, of Samson and David and Solomon, may not have been in all respects immaculate, but they constitute a better propædæutic than those of Dick Turpin and Jack Shepard. Doubtless a Sunday-school concert with recitations from the Newgate Calendar, and with admonitory chants, such as—

"You've carved your epitaph, Claude Duval,
With your chisel so bright, tra, la,"

might convey a moral lesson; but, upon the whole, we should select other means of instruction for children of tender age.

There is, however, a lesson of great importance taught very forcibly by this book. It shows, far more impressively than any treatise of jurisprudence, the immense value to society of its penal system. The example of Bidwell and his associates proves that there are many men so devoid of conscience that only the terrors of the penitentiary avail to check their predatory instincts. The discovery of anything like confidence in their honesty is so far from arousing their moral sense that it rather appeals to their rapacity. Any unguarded spot, any opportunity for fraud in the transactions of commerce, affects them as rats are affected by a hole in the meal-chest. It is not the loftiest kind of morality that is produced by reflecting upon or experiencing the consequences of wrong-doing; but if society can get nothing better, it must, at all events, have this. The cruel treatment of convicts, so feelingly described by this writer, is indeed deplorable; but his own story shows how difficult it is to remedy this abuse. He had received the kindest treatment from a doctor, whom he described as a noble-hearted Christian gentleman, and yet he was induced to denounce this benefactor to the prison authorities. The disregard for truth among criminals is so complete that it is in many cases impossible for human ingenuity to discover whether they are lying or not, and the outrages which they falsely declare they suffer prevent the investigation of those which are real. Reading between the lines of this book, we are convinced that the English prisons in the main are well managed, and that most of the cruelties described are occasioned by the wilful misconduct of those who suffer them.

Plutarch's Morals. Ethical Essays translated with Notes and Index by Arthur R. Shilleto, M.A.: 1 vol., pp. 408. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1888.

It is a reproach to human nature and a proof of its indifference to ethics that Plutarch's

'Morals' is not as well known and appreciated as his 'Lives.' These essays are characterized by the same learning and spirit as the more celebrated work, and supported by a personal life equal to that of the best and purest men of Greece and Rome. Emerson said that he was more indebted to Plutarch than to all other ancient writers, and the merits of this book show the ground of such a confession. The essays are a perfect anthology of ethical incidents and maxims regarding private and social virtues. They are in no sense theoretical discussions, but the moral reflections of a man equally interested in history, poetry, practical life, and philosophy. It is a tribute to the universality and soundness of his judgment that he could present the maxims of an ideal life without embroiling himself in the controversies about pleasure and pain that so distinguish the philosophy and moral reflections of Plutarch's race, the Greeks, and which everywhere provincialize the subject of ethics. It is not too much to say of his essays that they would be more useful and suggestive to students, not for theories, but for subjects productive of healthy thought, than any of the pedagogical systems of ethics usually dealt out to them.

The course of ethics in our ordinary colleges is a disgrace to the present civilization. No doubt the difficulties in making ethics interesting are great, and perhaps the greatest of these is the instinctive disposition of this individualistic age to resist all hortatory discourse as an attempt to infringe upon personal liberty. Ethics to the ordinary mind have the disagreeable feature of a *duty*, reflected from an age that has given it the color and associations of dogmatism and authority; but the reflections of Plutarch are free from a disadvantage of this kind, because they have no personal interest in the beliefs and assumptions supposed to condition the ethics of the present day.

Into the contents of the book we cannot enter. It is enough to say that the collection of "conjugal precepts" are as interesting material for the study of sociology as they are remarkably humane in spirit, and come up to the level of the best attainments even of the present, if we allow some exceptions which have to be made as a concession to environment. The "consolatory letter to his wife" on the death of a daughter is one of the noblest relics of antiquity, and in piety and purity is equal to anything that Christian thought has produced.

Gibraltar. By Henry M. Field. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1888. Pp. 139.

THERE is much that is entertaining in Dr. Field's account of his visit to Gibraltar. He naturally begins with the fortifications, saying, among other things, that the increase in the size of the guns and their calibre is greater since 1870, when "there were seven hundred guns in position on the Rock," than in the century previous. A description of the presentation of colors to one of the regiments, a chapter upon the great siege, a few words on the contraband trade and the relations of Spain and England, together with a detailed account of the courtesies shown the author by prominent officials, make up the remainder of the book. If the reader expects to get any real, living picture of the strange town which has grown up under the great cliff, its motley inhabitants, their modes of life, and their occupations, he will be disappointed. Dr. Field has nothing to say of a score of things about which we should have liked and should have looked for information in a book devoted to a single town, as, for instance, the sources of its food and water supply, the trade of the place, especially with Af-

rica, the relative number of the different nationalities living in it, and their position as regards each other. There is not a word even of the inhabitants who antedate all others, Moors, Spaniards, and Englishmen—the historic Barbary apes—nor any mention of the famous caves, with their beautiful clustered stalactites. Despite its attractive appearance and its interesting pictures, the chief impression which the book leaves is that Dr. Field had a very pleasant time in Gibraltar.

Letters to a King. By Albion W. Tourgée, LL.D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe; New York: Phillips & Hunt.

THOSE who have read the previous works of Mr. Tourgée will scarcely need to be told what qualities distinguish the present volume. There is the same childlike delight in military similes and metaphors, the same tawdry splendor of diction, the same profuse verbiage, the same "bumptiousness," and withal the same flashes of vigorous common sense. If the author would confine himself to the humble office of giving practical advice, he might exert a considerable influence; but he must needs set up as a political philosopher, a part which he is fitted neither by temperament nor by education to assume. Whether he has read the works of Rousseau or not we cannot say; but the theories that he propounds belong to the era of the French Revolution. They have been modified to suit American conditions, but their essence is of unmistakable origin.

The "king" to whom these letters are addressed is the individual voter of this country, and his sovereignty consists in the exercise of the right of suffrage. In plain language, what Mr. Tourgée attempts to do is to urge the voters of this country to discharge their trust conscientiously; but in order to enforce his suggestions he constructs an elaborate scheme of political maxims, the merit of which is open to considerable question. Thus he lays it down that popular government is based upon certain postulates, viz., that a majority of the people will always be wise enough to know what is right, honest enough to demand it, and vigilant enough to secure it. *Voæ populi, voæ dei.* With such a creed as this, no political morality is possible except the merest opportunism. Equally unsatisfactory is the theory that there always has been and always will be one and the same issue in national politics, upon which

there must be an eternal division of the people into two parties. History needs to be violently strained in order to countenance such a theory as this.

Having divided his "kings" into two parties, to one of which it is a religious duty for every man to belong; Mr. Tourgée easily demonstrates that the caucus is as sacred an institution as the party, and thus his constructive work is apparently complete. Every voter must belong to a party, attend the primary, and vote for delegates to the conventions. When the conventions have nominated, it is the duty of the voters to support the candidates of their party. This is simple enough, but Mr. Tourgée's passion for theorizing leads him to introduce some needless complications. The party, it appears, has entered into a contract with every one of its members that the will of the majority shall be honestly ascertained, that it will devote itself to the great issue upon which it was formed, that it will adopt only proper measures, and employ only capable, reputable, and loyal representatives. This "contract social" is, of course, a mere fiction, and a confusing one. That abstraction, "the party" cannot enter into a contract, nor could there be any sanction for such a contract if it were entered into. Young Americans will get no good by groping among such theories as this, and they will be likely to understand their Government better by bearing it constantly in mind that a party can by no possibility have any existence except in the minds of the men that compose it.

Taking it for granted, however, that Mr. Tourgée only means that when a number of men combine for a common purpose, they must do so upon certain terms, express or implied, he yet seems to become hopelessly involved upon the question of party allegiance. The member of the party, after all, is obliged to support the party only "so far as it is possible to do so without the sacrifice of convictions which he deems of paramount importance to those his party represents." This concession is inconsistent with the theory of the book, and is fatal to strict party discipline. It expresses very nearly the views of the independent voter, and the rant over the Mugwumps might as well have been omitted. Mr. Tourgée would have done wisely to study the history of the Protestant Reformation, and especially the history of the rival doctrines of authority and of individual judgment, before grappling with this question.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Besant, W. For Faith and Freedom. A Novel. Harper & Bros.
Brown, Mary E. and W. A. Musical Instruments and their Homes. Illustrated in Pen and Ink by W. A. Brown. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bryce, J. Two Centuries of Irish History, 1691-1870. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. \$4.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Despot of Broomsgrove Cove. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Davidson, J. W. The Florida of To-day. A Guide for Tourists and Settlers. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
Dilke, Lady. Art in the Modern State. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.
Eugène—Fasnacht. Course of French Composition. I. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Fleeson, B. L. The Peril of Richard Pardon: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 30 cents.
Fuller, Sarah. An Illustrated Primer. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Geological Survey of New Jersey. Final Report of the State Geologist. Vol. I. Topography, Magnetism, Climate. Trenton: John L. Murphy Publishing Co.
Gibson, G. R. The Stock Exchanges of London, Paris, and New York: A Comparison. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
Hale, E. E. Sunday-School Stories on the Golden Texts of the International Lessons of 1889. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.
Hill, G. B. Letters of David Hume to William Strahan. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s.
Jacob, G. Rabic Biblio-Chrestomathy. With a Glossary. B. Westermann & Co. 90 cents.
Kelton, Capt. D. H. Indian Names of Places near the Great Lakes. Vol. I. Detroit.
Lawrence, J. B. What to Do in Cases of Accident and Emergencies. J. H. Vall & Co.
Leaf, W. The Illiad. With English Notes and Introduction. Macmillan & Co. \$4.
Lock, J. B. Elementary Statics. Macmillan & Co. \$1.10.
Matteson, Mrs. Frank. Notes on the Early Training of Children. 3d ed. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Monro, D. B. Homer's Illiad. Books XII.—XXIV. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.
Nestle, E. Syriac Grammar, with Bibliography, Chrestomathy, and Glossary. B. Westermann & Co. \$3.00.
Patrick, G. T. W. The Fragments of the Work of Heraclitus of Ephesus on Nature. Baltimore: N. Murray.
Platt, Sarah M. B. The Witch in the Glass: Poems, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
Primer, Prof. S. Charnisso's Peter Schlemihl. Boston: Charles H. Kliborn.
Prost, J. C. A. Le Marquis de Jouffroy d'Abbas, Inventeur de l'Application de la Vapeur à la Navigation. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Richardson, E. W. The Son of a Star: A Romance of the Second Century. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.
Robinson, A. Mary F. The End of the Middle Ages: Essays and Questions in History. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Robinson, C. S. Laudes Domini: A Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern, for the Sunday-School. The Century Co. 35 cents.
Rowell, G. P. New York Charities Directory. Charity Organization Society.
Schreiner, Olive. The Story of an African Farm: A Novel. Rand, McNally & Co.
The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, in German, French, and English, in parallel columns. Laidlaw Brothers & Co.
The Luck of Edenhall. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 60 cents.
The Nun of Kenmare: An Autobiography. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
The Religious Condition of New York City. Addresses in Chickering Hall, Dec. 3, 4, and 5, 1888. The Baker & Taylor Co. 50 cents.
The World of Cant. J. S. Ogilvie. 50 cents.
Thomas, R. Through Death to Life. Discourses on St. Paul's Great Resurrection Chapter. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.25.
Tyler, L. Chess: A Christmas Masque. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Walworth, Jeanette H. The History of New York, in Words of One Syllable. Illustrated. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Walworth, Mrs. J. H. A Strange Pilgrimage. A. L. Burt. 25 cents.
Wilkie, F. B. Pen and Powder. Boston: Ticknor & Co. \$1.50.
Worcester, Katherine Prescott. The Other Side of War: With the Army of the Potomac. Boston: Ticknor & Co. \$2.50.

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